# PENTHOUSE®

NOVEMBER / DECEMBER 2022

## THE NAUGHTY AND NICE ISSUE

HOT TIPS
TO LIGHT
HER FIRE!

WORLD CUP
CONTROVERSY
PLAYS ON

POT LOVERS
SAY "I DOOBIE"
WITH WEED

*with*

VERONICA PERASSO
+
AMBER ROSE

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**PENTHOUSE GLOBAL MEDIA INC.**

Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

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## FROM THE EDITOR

WE'RE lucky stiffs here at *Penthouse* because we get to scour the globe for the world's most beautiful women to feature in our magazine—and this edition features some utterly gorgeous ladies!

November's Pet Veronica Perasso is a pint-sized dynamo with a larger-than-life personality—and a killer bod. She bares her soul and then some, starting on page 90.

December's Pet Amber Rose reveals her adventurous nature and sultry good looks, beginning on page 110—proving she's a holiday gift to us all.

Cyber Cutie Mikaela Rodigues (page 14) flaunts her charms online, but this mesmerizing camgirl is ready for her magazine moment—and so are we!

Social Premier Sydney Chase (page 32) has 250K fans on Instagram—and she's only just begun. But we "like" what we see!

For those of you looking to add some extra spark to your bedroom game, turn to page 28 to get hot sex tips from our columnist Amie Wee. Rob Pegley takes a look at the controversy surrounding this year's World Cup in Qatar on page 31. And learn more about how couples can tie the knot with pot in Sin City in "Nice Day for a Weed Wedding" on page 74.

We also have fascinating interviews with photographer Vassilis (page 42) and artist Vadim Sloof (page 61) and much more to keep you entertained.

So, turn the page and dive in!

**THE PENTHOUSE TEAM**

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

MANYVIDS
FT. Daisy Stone

# DEBRIEF

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT'S EXPLOSIVE DYNAMITE GUIDE, MAN SHARES HIS "ALIEN" TRANSFORMATION ONLINE AND REDHEADS GET A BREAK FROM THE U.K. HEAT

CREDIT: MARTIN GALLAGHER

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

# DYNAMITE IDEA

HAVE you ever wondered how much ammunition it takes to blow up a horse?

Us neither.

But in 1995, the U.S. government released an explosive how-to guide, complete with illustrations, and it recently resurfaced online, leaving people bewildered as to why such an instruction manual exists.

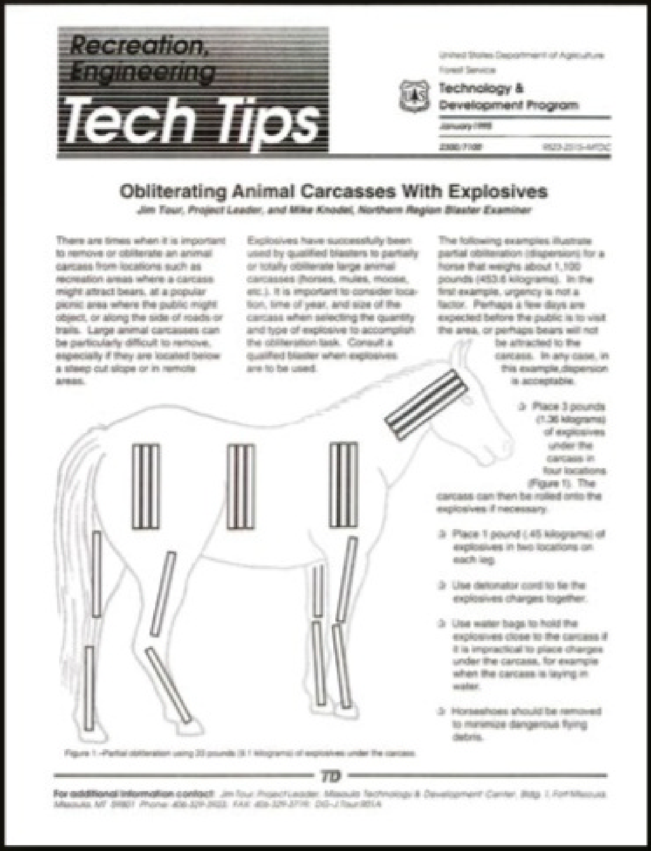
Titled *Obliterating Animal Carcasses with Explosives*, it takes readers through an informative step-by-step process of, well, blowing up large animals in the wilderness.

While it sounds insane and possibly criminal, knowing how to effectively blow up large animal carcasses isn't the worst idea, especially where removal isn't possible. That can happen if the animal is too heavy or floating in water. Plus, a rotting animal corpse is likely to attract bears or other predators.

"Large animal carcasses can be particularly difficult to remove, especially if they are located below a steep cut slope or in remote areas," the guide explained.

The document is full of handy tips, such as be sure to remove any horseshoes before blowing up a steed to reduce the possibility of rogue shrapnel.

As for how much dynamite you need to blow up a horse, the guide elaborated, "Most large animal carcasses can be adequately disbursed with 20 pounds of explosives. However, 40 to 55 pounds are recommended to ensure total obliteration."



Recreation, Engineering
Tech Tips

United States Department of Agriculture
Forest Service
Technology & Development Program
January 1995

## Obliterating Animal Carcasses With Explosives

*Jim Tour, Project Leader, and Mike Knodel, Northern Region Blaster Examiner*

There are times when it is important to remove or obliterate an animal carcass from locations such as recreation areas where a carcass might attract bears, at a popular picnic area where the public might object, or along the side of roads or trails. Large animal carcasses can be particularly difficult to remove, especially if they are located below a steep cut slope or in remote areas.

Explosives have successfully been used by qualified blasters to partially or totally obliterate large animal carcasses (horses, mules, moose, etc.). It is important to consider location, time of year, and size of the carcass when selecting the quantity and type of explosive to accomplish the obliteration task. Consult a qualified blaster when explosives are to be used.

The following examples illustrate partial obliteration (dispersion) for a horse that weighs about 1,100 pounds (453.6 kilograms). In the first example, urgency is not a factor. Perhaps a few days are expected before the public is to visit the area, or perhaps bears will not be attracted to the carcass. In any case, in this example dispersion is acceptable.

- Place 3 pounds (1.36 kilograms) of explosives under the carcass in four locations (Figure 1). The carcass can then be rolled onto the explosives if necessary.
- Place 1 pound (.45 kilograms) of explosives in two locations on each leg.
- Use detonator cord to tie the explosives charges together.
- Use water bags to hold the explosives close to the carcass if it is impractical to place charges under the carcass, for example when the carcass is laying in water.
- Horseshoes should be removed to minimize dangerous flying debris.

Figure 1.–Partial obliteration using 20 pounds (9.1 kilograms) of explosives under the carcass.

TD

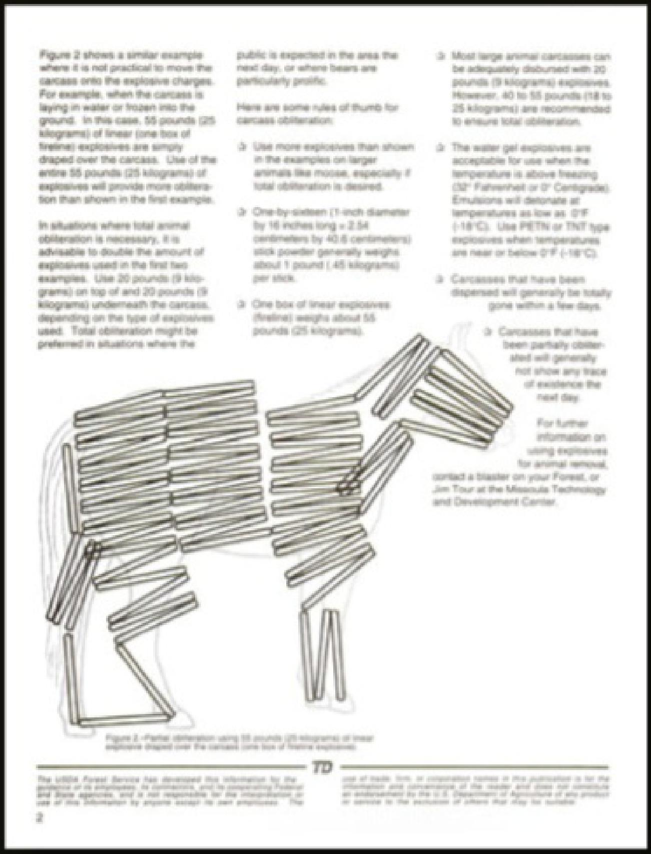


Figure 2 shows a similar example where it is not practical to move the carcass onto the explosive charges. For example, when the carcass is laying in water or frozen into the ground. In this case, 55 pounds (25 kilograms) of linear (one box of fireline) explosives are simply draped over the carcass. Use of the entire 55 pounds (25 kilograms) of explosives will provide more obliteration than shown in the first example.

In situations where total animal obliteration is necessary, it is advisable to double the amount of explosives used in the first two examples. Use 20 pounds (9 kilograms) on top of and 20 pounds (9 kilograms) underneath the carcass, depending on the type of explosives used. Total obliteration might be preferred in situations where the public is expected in the area the next day, or where bears are particularly prolific.

Here are some rules of thumb for carcass obliteration:

- Use more explosives than shown in the examples on larger animals like moose, especially if total obliteration is desired.
- One-by-sixteen (1-inch diameter by 16 inches long = 2.54 centimeters by 40.6 centimeters) stick powder generally weighs about 1 pound (.45 kilograms) per stick.
- One box of linear explosives (fireline) weighs about 55 pounds (25 kilograms).
- Most large animal carcasses can be adequately disbursed with 20 pounds (9 kilograms) explosives. However, 40 to 55 pounds (18 to 25 kilograms) are recommended to ensure total obliteration.
- The water gel explosives are acceptable for use when the temperature is above freezing (32° Fahrenheit or 0° Centigrade). Emulsions will detonate at temperatures as low as 0°F (-18°C). Use PETN or TNT type explosives when temperatures are near or below 0°F (-18°C).
- Carcasses that have been dispersed will generally be totally gone within a few days.
- Carcasses that have been partially obliterated will generally not show any trace of existence the next day.

For further information on using explosives for animal removal, contact a blaster on your Forest, or Jim Tour at the Missoula Technology and Development Center.

Figure 2.–Partial obliteration using 55 pounds (25 kilograms) of linear explosive draped over the carcass (one box of fireline explosives).

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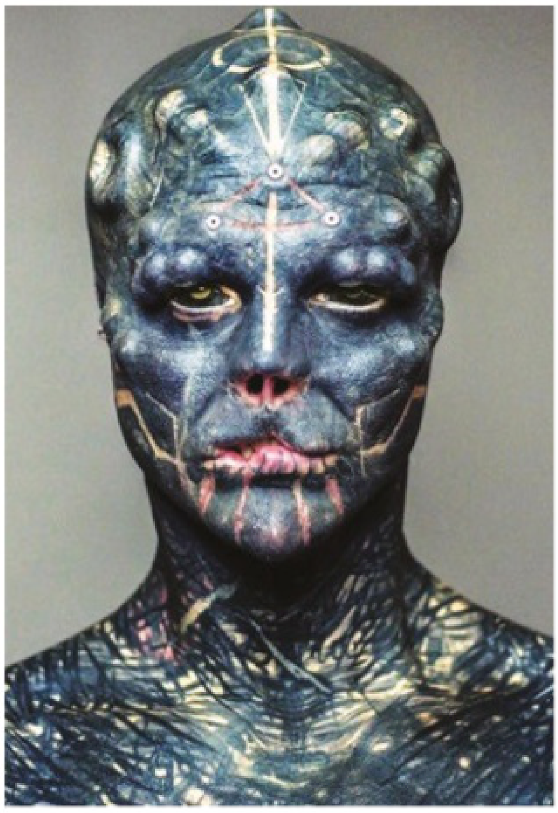
CREDIT: USDA / CALLIPSO



# Outta His Mind

ANTHONY Loffredo is on a mission to become a "black alien," and he's sharing his transformation on Instagram with his 1.3 million followers.

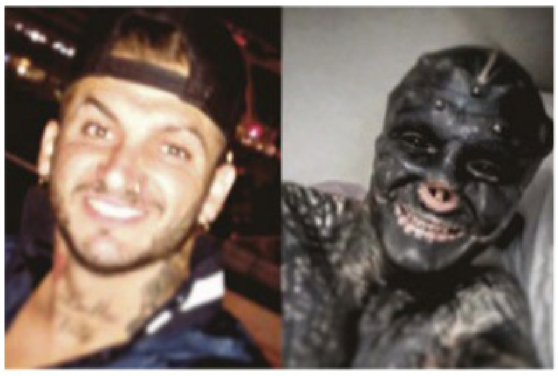
In a bid to resemble an extraterrestrial creature, the 33-year-old from France had his entire body tattooed black—including his eyeballs—and endured a number of extreme surgical operations, including having his ears, top lip and nostrils sliced off, as well as having two fingers removed so one of his hands resembles a claw.

He has also had his tongue split and had numerous implants placed under his skin to create alien-like ridges on his head and cheekbones.

Despite having already had such extreme body modifications and admitting that his top-lip removal operation left him unable to speak properly, Loffredo says he's only halfway to achieving his final form.

His next alteration will be to have his other hand turned into a matching claw, and most controversially, he plans to have one of his legs amputated at the knee.

As to the whereabouts of his ears, he said, "My friend keeps them."



# GIGGLE BUSH

A TOWERING cannabis bush was spotted growing among the flowers in a public planter in the U.K.

The folks at West Parley Parish Council in Dorset were alerted to the cheeky weed by Tray Veronica, a gardener who happened to be passing by and recognized the healthy marijuana plants flourishing among the flowers.

She said, "As I drove down New Road, I saw the planter. Being a gardener, I always notice things like that. But as I looked over, I thought, 'Oh my God, is that what I think it is?'

"When I drove past again, I stopped to have a closer look, and yes, it's definitely cannabis. I was laughing all the way home."

The seemingly innocent planters were looked after by volunteers, and photos of the floral display had been featured with pride on the council's social media accounts.

"The first ones were so big, they were towering above the bedding plants. They absolutely thrived in that planter," said Veronica.

"I just found it hilarious. The council were looking after these planters every day."

# All You Can Eat—Within Reason

A WOMAN was charged double after pushing the limits of an "all you can eat" buffet in the U.K.

In a video posted on TikTok, Poppy Jones explained she had dined at an "all you can eat" establishment, and upon viewing the bill, she realized she'd been charged twice.

Assuming it was a mistake, she questioned the waitress, only to be told she was being charged double for eating more than her fair share!

"I questioned it and asked why, and they said I'd eaten too much," Poppy said.

Rightly so, she refused to pay double.

As one commentor wrote, "That doesn't make sense ... it's all you CAN EAT."

It's not the first time there's been drama at such a buffet, though.

In 2018, German ex-triathlete Jaroslav Bobrowski was banned from an all-you-can-eat sushi joint after wolfing down 100 plates of sushi, which was an estimated 18 pounds of food.

CREDIT: INSTAGRAM @THE_BLACK_ALIEN_PROJECT / TRAY VERONICA / SWNS / KENTARUS

## Army of Crabs

BEACHES in the U.K. have brought a new meaning to "a bit nippy" after rising sea temperatures saw thousands of spider crabs swarm the shallows, much to the horror of observers.

Unlike your average crab, these big, orange crustaceans have long, spider-like legs and larger pincers.

Spider crabs typically inhabit the sandy bottom of the ocean at depths of more than 320 feet and migrate to shallower waters annually for spawning. However, marine biologists believe the climate crisis saw the army of crabs invade the shallow waters of the Cornish coastline to crack open their exoskeletons and shells before returning to the depths.

This type of crab typically gathers in groups to protect themselves from predators while they wait for their new exoskeletons to fully form. The more hearty crabs surround the outer edges of the mass, protecting the crabs in the center, whose new shells have yet to thicken up, from predators.

While they're harmless, you still might want to keep your toes out of the reach of their claws.

## A Sly Discovery

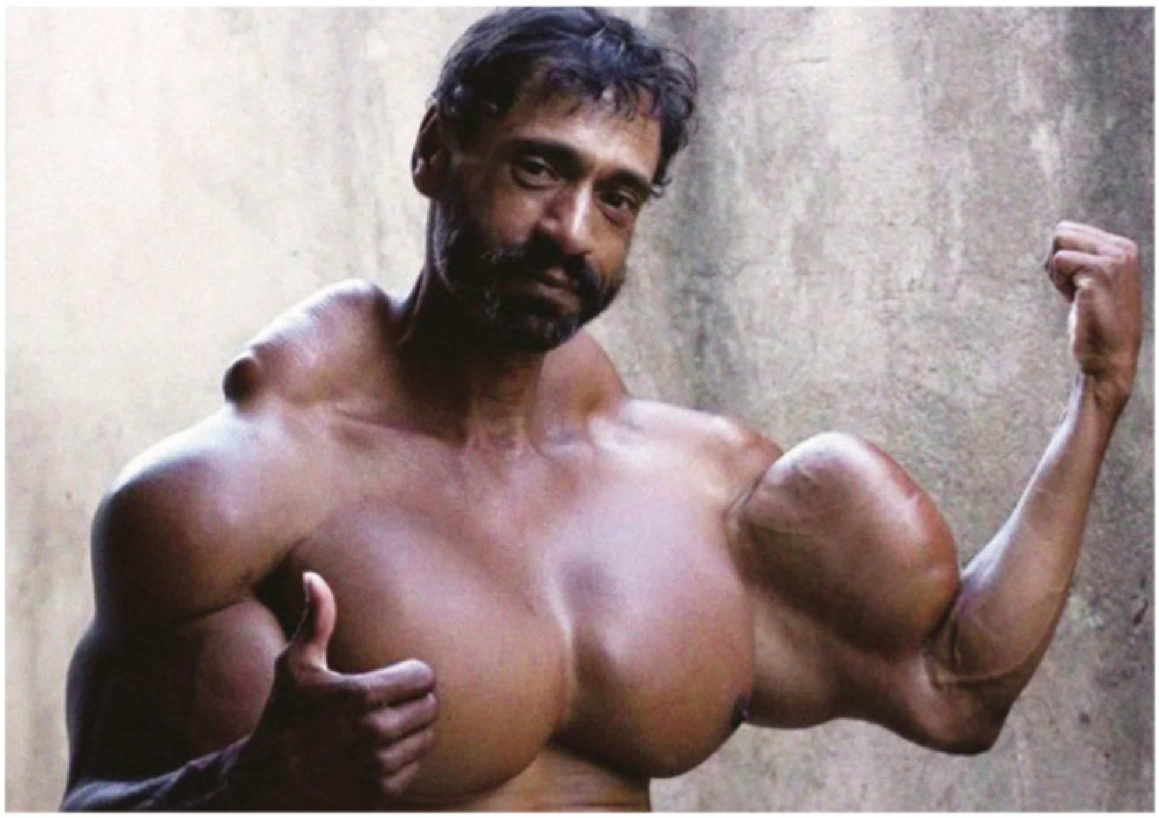
**GOING thrifting is always an adventure. You never know what unique treasures you might unearth from other people's trash. But one shopper recently hit the jackpot after discovering a horrifying life-size model of a naked Sylvester Stallone in an antique store.**

**The woman found the disturbing, contorted latex model of the *Rocky* star while vacationing in a small Australian town. She wrote on social media: "Antiquing in Katoomba, looking for weird things. It did not disappoint. What in the actual fuck?"**

**After the woman's now-deleted post went viral, online detectives quickly determined the replica of the movie star was likely a prop from the 1993 sci-fi blockbuster *Demolition Man* and was used to portray Stallone's character, John Spartan, when he was cryogenically frozen for 70 years.**

**As for how a faux Stallone ended up naked and alone in a dusty little second-hand store in remote Australia, one online film buff suggested the prop might have been originally on display at the Sydney Planet Hollywood before the attraction closed down.**

**If owning a mannequin of Stallone is on your bucket list, you can purchase the unique piece of memorabilia for a cool $4,000.**



## THE BRAZILIAN HULK HAS DIED

VALDIR Segato, a TikTok star known as the Brazilian Hulk, died on his 55th birthday after years of injecting his muscles with oil.

The bulky bodybuilder, who had over 1.7 million followers on TikTok, had used synthol for years to pump up his enormous muscles.

Synthol typically contains mostly oil with a splash of benzyl alcohol and lidocaine. It is sometimes used by bodybuilders for immediate muscle enlargement during competitions and is administered by injecting the substance deep into the muscle. But abusing synthol can turn muscles into rocks, putting the person at risk for a misshapen body or even amputation.

As a scrawny teen, Segato was offered a shot of synthol at the gym and became addicted to it. While synthol made his muscles bigger, it didn't make him any stronger.

Prior to his death, he stated his inspirations were the comic book character the Hulk and former Mr. Olympia Arnold Schwarzenegger.

"They call me Hulk, Schwarzenegger and He-Man all the time, and I like that. I've doubled my biceps, but I still want to be bigger," he said in 2016.

Despites doctors warning the man he'd face amputation or disfigurement if he didn't quit his habit, he continued to inflate his biceps to a huge 23 inches!

On the day of his death, Segato complained to his mother that he was short of breath. Soon afterward, he suffered a fatal heart attack.

CREDIT: CORNISH.COAST / BNPS / EVERIPEDIA.ORG/WIKI/LANG_EN/VALDIR-SEGATO

# Hunger Games for Redheads

WHEN an extreme heat wave was forecast to ravage England, movie theaters across the country had the safety of one group of people in mind—redheads.

With the heat expected to soar as high as 104F in some areas, Showcase Cinemas offered redheads across the country free tickets over two days, so they could hang out in the theater's air-conditioning and avoid being roasted by the sun.

Studies having shown people with red hair and fair skin are more susceptible to pain, making sunburn a more painful experience for them than for the rest of the population.

Mark Barlow, general manager for Showcase said, "While the U.K. enjoys some much-needed sunny weather, we know how hard some people find the heat.

"That's why to tackle the heat wave, we're offering redheads free entry, so they'll be able to enjoy some of the amazing films on offer in the comfort of our air-conditioned cinemas and ensure they stay protected from the sun."

CREDIT: © GALMATO HAVEN / COLDSNOWSTORM

# SEX DOLL DAY SPA

IS YOUR sex doll looking a little worse for wear? Now you can treat your worn-out love doll to a day at the spa.

Galmato Haven Repair is the world's first certified repair center for pre-loved RealDolls, who need a little—or a lot—of patching up.

While she won't receive a full body massage or a facial—they'll leave that to you—silicone companions sent to Galmato Haven will undergo a full restoration. That includes minor and major injury repairs, like broken limbs, and cosmetic fixes like French manicures and pedicures, and body coloration restoration. Their refurb process promises your doll will be returned to you freshly powdered and fully rejuvenated.

"After a day, or days, of head-to-toe repair, retouch and pampering, she'll come back home to you looking like the first day she arrived," the company's website states.

"Now you can enjoy a full life with your doll, knowing that when accidents happen Galmato Haven is here for you to return her home like new every time."

# Waste Not, Want Not

SOME of us like a cup of tea or coffee first thing, and others prefer a jar of hot, steaming morning piss.

A Colorado wellness guru who goes by the name Brother Sage swears by urotherapy for good health and has been drinking and applying his own urine topically for over 20 years.

"I wake up in the morning, and I'll drink what I saved in the night," he said.

"Most people will drink it first thing in the morning, and people who are fasting or on detox will do 'looping,' which means everything they collect will be drank throughout the day."

While drinking urine has been touted by some as a miracle cure-all for everything from acne and balding to sunburn and cancer, it's not a habit everyone supports—especially roommates of those who leave jars of their stale piss around the place.

"It's a good idea if this is your lifestyle to check in with potential housemates so they know you do this in your room, bathroom or in the house, so there won't be that moment of 'surprise, I do urine therapy,'" Sage, 68, advised.

"That created a hiccup in the house I'm in, and I'm just readjusting where I do my practice now and starting to look for a new location. The bedroom and my bathroom are too close to the kitchen, so smells go down the hallway."

While there is no scientific evidence to back up the touted benefits of drinking urine or rubbing it into your skin, Dr. Jeff Foster believes sipping from the golden fountain could actually be detrimental to a person's health.

"Orally, it is much worse. It can actually speed up the dehydration process and potentially introduce bacteria," Foster said.

"Waste products are waste for a reason."

PIRACY.
IT'S A CRIME.

# Anti-Piracy Ads Encouraged People to Pirate Films

REMEMBER those infamous "you wouldn't steal a car" anti-piracy ads that played on every DVD you watched throughout the aughts? Remember how annoying and overly dramatic they were? Well, it turns out they weren't only totally ineffective. They actually might have encouraged piracy!

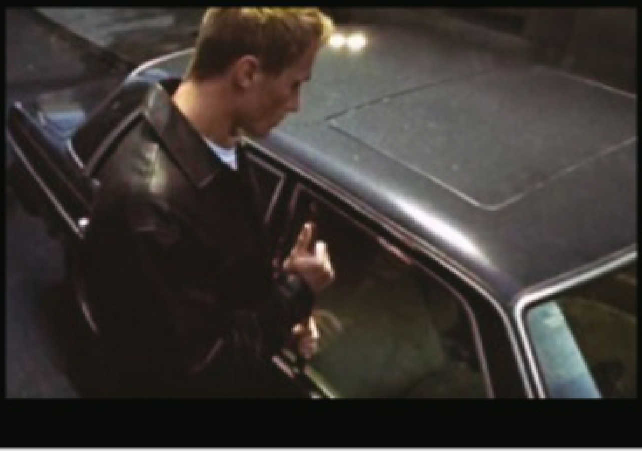
A recent study discovered this ad, and other anti-piracy messages, might have convinced people to illegally download movies, TV shows and music. Researchers found the campaigns actually alerted people to the fact that swiping content was possible—and made it seem many others were already doing it.

The study also found using well known movie stars in such ads appeared to encourage piracy.

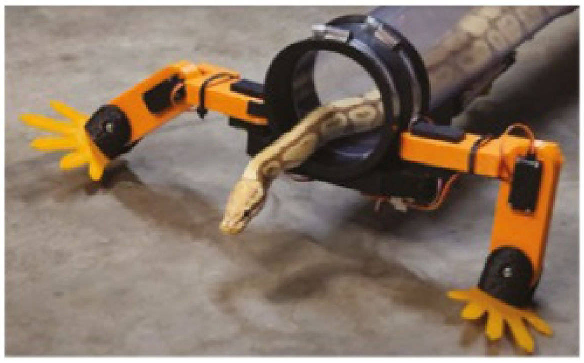
The study's authors wrote: "For instance, Indian anti-piracy videos in 2018 concluded with the slogan 'Illegal downloading or streaming movies is stealing!! Stealing is against the law.' All videos starred well-known actors, whose net worth is estimated to be $22 to $400 million dollars, in a country where the annual per capita income is a bit less than $2,000.

"This can offer pirates a moral justification: They only steal from the rich to 'feed the poor,' a form of 'Robin Hood effect' that makes even more sense with some cultural or sport-related goods."

Just when you thought it couldn't get any stranger, the music that played in the "you wouldn't steal a car" anti-piracy ad was actually pirated itself from Dutch musician Melchior Reitveldt!



CREDIT: SOLSTIZIA / © FEDERATION AGAINST COPYRIGHT THEFT



# HISS-TERICAL

AS IF snakes aren't terrifying enough, a man made hiss-tory after building a contraption that gives snakes their legs back.

Engineer and YouTuber Allen Pan claimed his experiment was driven by a genuine empathy for the slithering suckers.

"I actually feel bad for snakes. They lost their legs, and nobody is even trying to find them," he said. "Nobody except for me, snake lover Allen Pan."

While it's understood snakes used to have legs when they roamed the Earth around 150 million years ago, the reptiles have quite comfortably evolved to live without them.

However, the snake lover was determined to return danger noodles to their former glory.

"When any other animal has deformed legs, humanity comes together to spit in God's face, and we build that animal awesome new cyborg legs," Pan explained.

"Nobody loves snakes enough to build them robot legs. Nobody except for me."

In order to bring his robotic creation to life, the YouTuber first got his hands on a snake.

"I found a pet store that does reptile birthday parties for $200, and I told them it was my birthday," Pan said.

# SCRATCH & SNIFF

**A BIZARRE TikTok trend called "vabbing" claims the secret to attracting a man is wearing natural vaginal secretions as perfume, suggesting maybe it really is what's on the inside that counts.**

**In a now-viral video, influencer Mandy Lee claims women who "vab" are more likely to attract a man.**

**For the uninitiated, vabbing is a combination of the words "vagina" and "dabbing" and refers to the act of a woman dipping her finger into her vagina before dabbing her own juices on areas she might wear perfume—like her neck, chest or wrists.**

**"I swear if you vab, you will attract people, like a date, a one-night stand or you'll just get free drinks all night," she said in the video, which now has over 1.5 million views.**

**While some women are jumping on the vabbing trend and claim to have found success, there isn't a whole lot of science that supports vabbing.**

**Dr. Karenne Fru, a fertility specialist at Oma Fertility, said, "Vabbing underscores the fact that humans are always in search of the next best thing to secure romantic attention.**

**"Perfume of your choice, lightly applied, is a much more hygienic option."**

CREDIT: YOUTUBE / ALLEN PAN

CYBER CUTIE

# FREE SPIRIT

## MIKAELA RODRIGUES

PHOTOGRAPHER
**SST GROUP**

Mikaela Rodrigues

# MIKAELA RODRIGUES

CAPTIVATING camgirl Mikaela Rodrigues possesses a smoldering beauty that's hard to deny. She effortlessly brings on the heat with her smoking body, sultry eyes and pulse-quickening poses. However, her online fans also praise the spirited stunner's fun and flirty nature—with one even calling the long-legged lovely "the perfect package with an awesome personality."

The ravishing Russian is no stranger to provocative play, but she also likes to dive beneath the surface and get to know a man before taking things to the next level. Mikaela even confides in her private life she's a hopeless romantic who believes in true love!

We think there's nothing wrong with that. In fact, we'll be the first to admit Cupid's arrow has hit its target—and we're seriously smitten with Mikaela.

**If you weren't a model, what would be your dream job?**
An astronaut because I'd love to see the world from a different perspective and explore other planets and outer space.

**What do you like doing in your spare time?**
I love to read and watch movies—and dance!

**What are your favorite types of music?**
Trance, some alternative and classical.

**How do you like to relax?**
Sunbathing. I find the warmth of the sun's rays very soothing.

**How would you describe your personality?**
I'm happy, confident and sexy.

**What qualities would your ideal partner possess?**
He should be successful, confident, driven and attractive.

**Do you have a nickname?**
No, but you can call me anything you want!

---

**AGE:** 25
**HEIGHT:** 5'5"
**MEASUREMENTS:** 36B-26-35
**NATIVE COUNTRY:** Russia
**WEBSITE:** mikaela-rodrigues.flirt4free.com

## GET THE PICTURE

FOR some photographers, using bright colors can pose a challenge, but Daniela Möllenhoff makes it look easy. Using bold hues and strategically placed lighting, the Hamburg-based conceptual artist creates color-saturated, luminous nudes and fine art fantasies, which she says are fueled by her affinity for color and appreciation of nude photography. Between her talent and vision, it's clear she's got a bright future.

**PHOTOGRAPHY: DANIELA MÖLLENHOFF INSTAGRAM: @SHOT_BY_HOFF**

CRUSH

# TIAH GRAY

**FOLLOW @TIAH.JORJA**

WHILE she's always been comfortable in her own skin, Tiah Gray says her confidence soared to new heights when she discovered nude modeling.

"My confidence has gone through the roof! I love how elegant and sexy nude modeling can be. I find it so empowering," she explains.

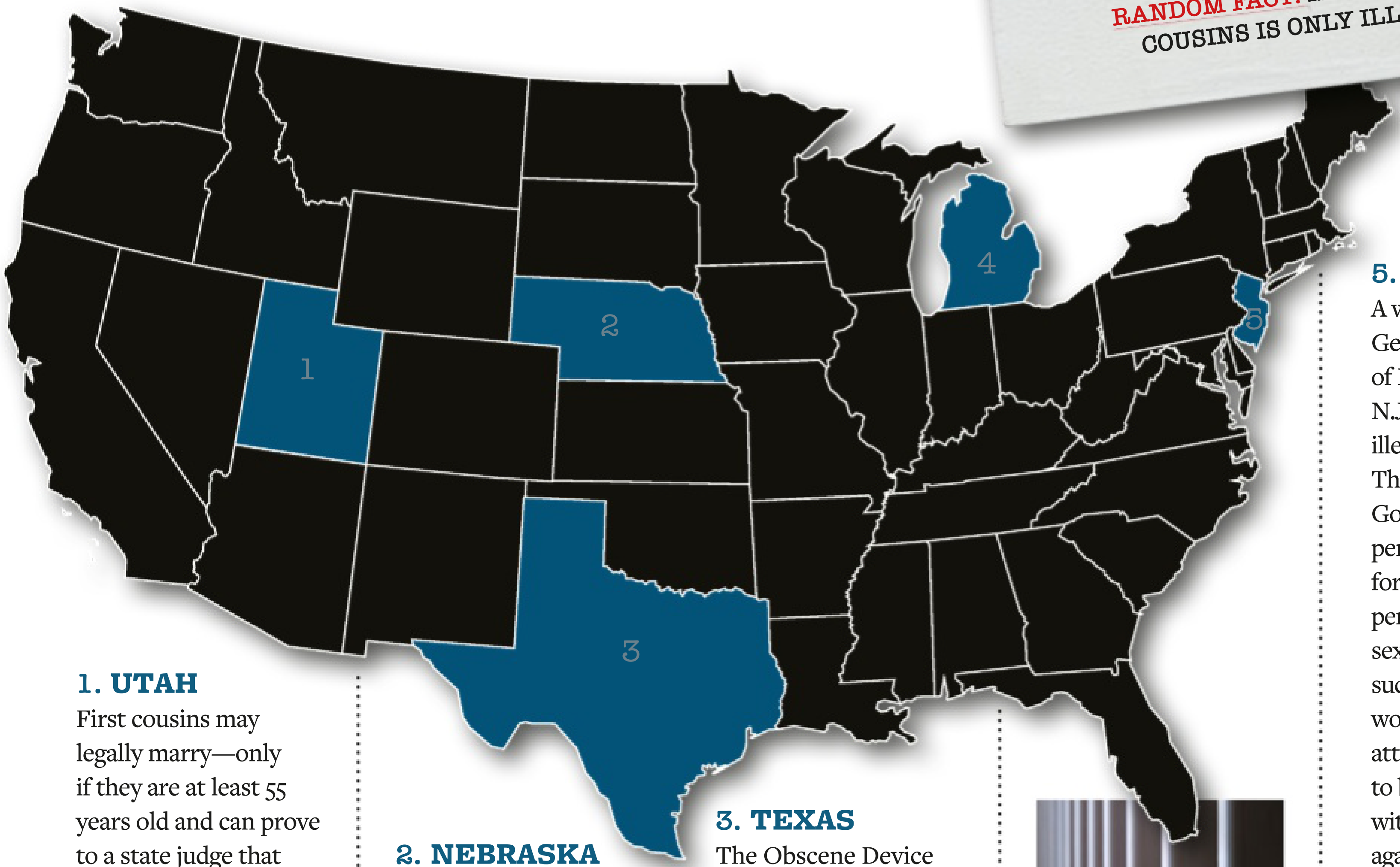
If you want to catch this gorgeous woman's eye, you've got to be able to match her on the confidence front—and have a sense of adventure.

Tiah tells *Penthouse*, "I'm attracted to people who are confident, outgoing, driven and spontaneous! Especially if they like to travel, be outdoorsy and go on adventures together."

# Five Strange U.S. Sex Laws

WEIRD AND WONDERFUL SEX LAWS? WELCOME TO 'MERICA!

RANDOM FACT: MARRIAGES BETWEEN FIRST COUSINS IS ONLY ILLEGAL IN 24 STATES.



### 1. UTAH

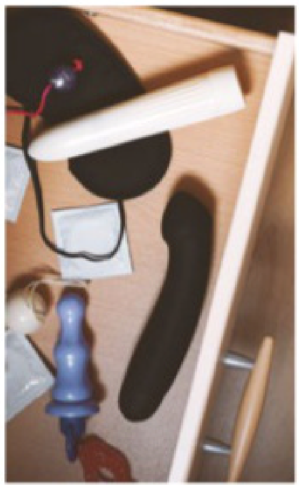
First cousins may legally marry—only if they are at least 55 years old and can prove to a state judge that one of them cannot procreate. Or first cousins can wait until they're both at least 65 and marry without court permission.

### 2. NEBRASKA

The law here states, "No person who is afflicted with a venereal disease shall marry in this state." Basically, if you or your partner has a sexually transmitted disease, you can't get married in Nebraska.

### 3. TEXAS

The Obscene Device Law makes it a crime to possess "six or more obscene devices or identical or similar obscene articles." Such devices include dildos. So, if you possess more than six dildos, technically you'd be in trouble in Texas.



### 4. MICHIGAN

There's a law in Michigan that's been kicking around since 1931. It states, "Any man who shall seduce and debauch any unmarried woman shall be guilty of a felony." If found guilty, the male offender can be punished with up to five years in state prison, or he might be whacked with a fine of up to $2,500.

### 5. NEW JERSEY

A weird section of the General Legislation of Haddon Township, N.J., makes flirting illegal. We kid you not. The section "Peace and Good Order" says a person may be punished for approaching "any person of the opposite sex unknown to such person and by word, sign or gesture attempts to speak to or to become acquainted with such person against his will."

CREDIT: CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

# Set Your Sex Life on Fire

GIVE HER AN ORGASM SHE'LL NEVER FORGET

BY AMIE WEE

CREDIT: HEY WEEIRDO

YOU'VE no doubt got some premium moves when it comes to showing a woman a good time in bed. Hell, you might even have a reputation for being an orgasm donor. But no matter how skilled you are—or how satisfying your sex life is—by adding a few new tricks to your bedside arsenal, you could be giving bigger, better and more intense orgasms to the ladies in your life. We're talking about the earth-shattering, thigh-quaking, claws-down-your-back, alarm-the-neighborhood, drench-the-mattress kinds of orgasms. You know the ones.

Here are a few tips for upping your orgasm-giving game and taking your sex life to a whole new level of heat.

## Slow down, boy!

Rule No. 1: If you want to get her worked up, you've got to slow down.

As tempting as it is to charge into a sexy situation like a bull in a vagina shop, if you want to give your play partner the kind of orgasms that will have her talking in tongues, then you need to take your time.

After all, nothing is less of a turn-on—or dries a vagina quicker—than skipping the foreplay and zeroing in on penetration.

Start by setting a relaxing scene that's conducive to a sexy time, turn on some titillating tunes and go for a slow and steady build. The first step is to disconnect from the busy and distracting world and connect to each other, so you can focus on nothing but being in the moment together.

## Use your mouth

Put the "cum" in cum-municate. Use your mouth—to talk to her.

Ask your date what turns her on. How does she like to be touched? What does she fantasize about when she touches herself? Figure out what gets her going and what she finds pleasurable. Encourage her to share, and tell her that you find it hot when she's uninhibited. Make sure she knows you are open-minded and won't judge her. Take her responses seriously and encourage her enthusiasm. Positive reinforcement is your friend.

By having these discussions—either before or during play—you're not only going to learn what she wants and finds pleasurable. You're also going to be building trust. Letting go is mostly about trust, and being able to let go during sex plays a huge role in having more intense orgasms.

## Add some hardware

Sex toys are the ultimate wingman when it comes to having better sex. After all, they've been designed with one job in mind—to administer pleasure. So don't be shy—and put them to work!

Sex toys come in many shapes, sizes, colors and types for all sorts of uses. Many playthings have been ergonomically designed, meaning they've been specifically created to hit hotspots in the most pleasurable ways possible. Toys can be used to get you in the mood, bring a different vibe to the mix or stimulate multiple areas of the body at once.

You can use sex toys during partnered play without being dependent on them. If you're not sure where to start—or you're worried about being overshadowed by a rubber dong—try a vibrating cockring or a vibrator for couples, so you can increase intimacy and feel more connected.

## Focus on her

Nothing primes the body for more intense orgasms like skilled foreplay. If you want to give her the orgasm of all orgasms, put her pleasure front and center. And that means putting your own orgasm on the back burner, while you light her fire.

Make it your mission to make her feel as sexy as possible. Think of yourself as the Christopher Columbus of climaxes and discover her erogenous zones. Experiment and touch her with your hands and mouth in ways she's never before experienced.

Don't hurry the penetration. You want to work all of her hotspots properly before she's absolutely begging you to be inside her. Trust us, passion and the suspense of what's to come are the keys to inspiring the happiest of endings. ●

# The Cricketer Who Beat Up A Selector

## TURNS OUT YESTERDAY'S SPORT WASN'T ALWAYS A UTOPIA OF CIVILITY AND SWEETNESS EITHER

**BY BEN POBJIE**

CLEM HILL

> **"In the end, McAlister was left lying on the floor, claret flowing freely from various points, with the furious Australian skipper standing over him."**

IT'S often lamented that in the modern age an element of nastiness has crept into the world of sport, that civility and gentility have been lost from the realm of athletic pursuits—thanks to the advance of all-encompassing professionalism and win-at-all-costs mentality.

This may be true, but it would be a mistake to think either that today's world is entirely devoid of good sportsmanship, or yesterday's was a utopia of sweetness and light.

Though recent years have seen plenty of controversy around the behavior of the Australian cricket team, at no point have the national captain and a member of the selection panel engaged in a brutal fistfight in the Cricket Australia boardroom.

In more distant times, however...

Clem Hill was one of the world's greatest batsmen and, along with Victor Trumper, the best Australia produced in the pre-World War One period. A short, stocky left-hander, he was a fearsome presence at the crease, thumping attacks around the world—though because this was the early 20th century, that really only meant three countries.

Although Hill was a brilliant batsman, he met with less success as a captain, and the failure of the Australian team under his stewardship led to a premature end to his Test career.

In the summer of 1911-12, Hill's Australians were hammered by Johnny Douglas's Englishmen; brilliant bowlers Sydney Barnes and Frank Foster went scything down the baggy green batting order like corn. As dissatisfaction with the team's performance grew, so did tension between Australian players and the recently established Board of Control.

The board was threatening to take away the players' right to choose their own manager for the upcoming 1912 tour of England. Hill headed a band of senior players who declared an intention to pull out of the tour if their preferred manager wasn't chosen.

Against this tense background, the Australian selection committee met on February 3, 1912, in Sydney, to choose the team for the Fourth Test. Present were Hill, fellow selector Frank Iredale, board secretary Sydney Smith and one more selector: Peter McAlister. Between Hill and McAlister there was no love lost. They had clashed when McAlister was a player, and again during the current series, when Hill suggested picking Charlie Macartney, and McAlister responded by saying that he didn't think Macartney should be selected, but if he was, Hill should drop himself.

The meeting began, with rancor in the air and both men eager for confrontation. McAlister kicked things off by telling Hill that his captaincy had left much to be desired. Hill shot back that when McAlister had captained sides, he'd been hot garbage, and that on the last tour of England, star all-rounder Warwick Armstrong had refused to play under him.

McAlister rose to the bait with enthusiastic fury. "I am a better captain," he snapped, "than Trumper, Armstrong and yourself put together. You are the worst captain I have ever seen." This ratcheted the temperature up a few more degrees, and Hill warned McAlister he best watch his mouth. But watch his mouth McAlister determinedly would not, and he repeated, "You. Are. The Worst. Captain. I have ever seen."

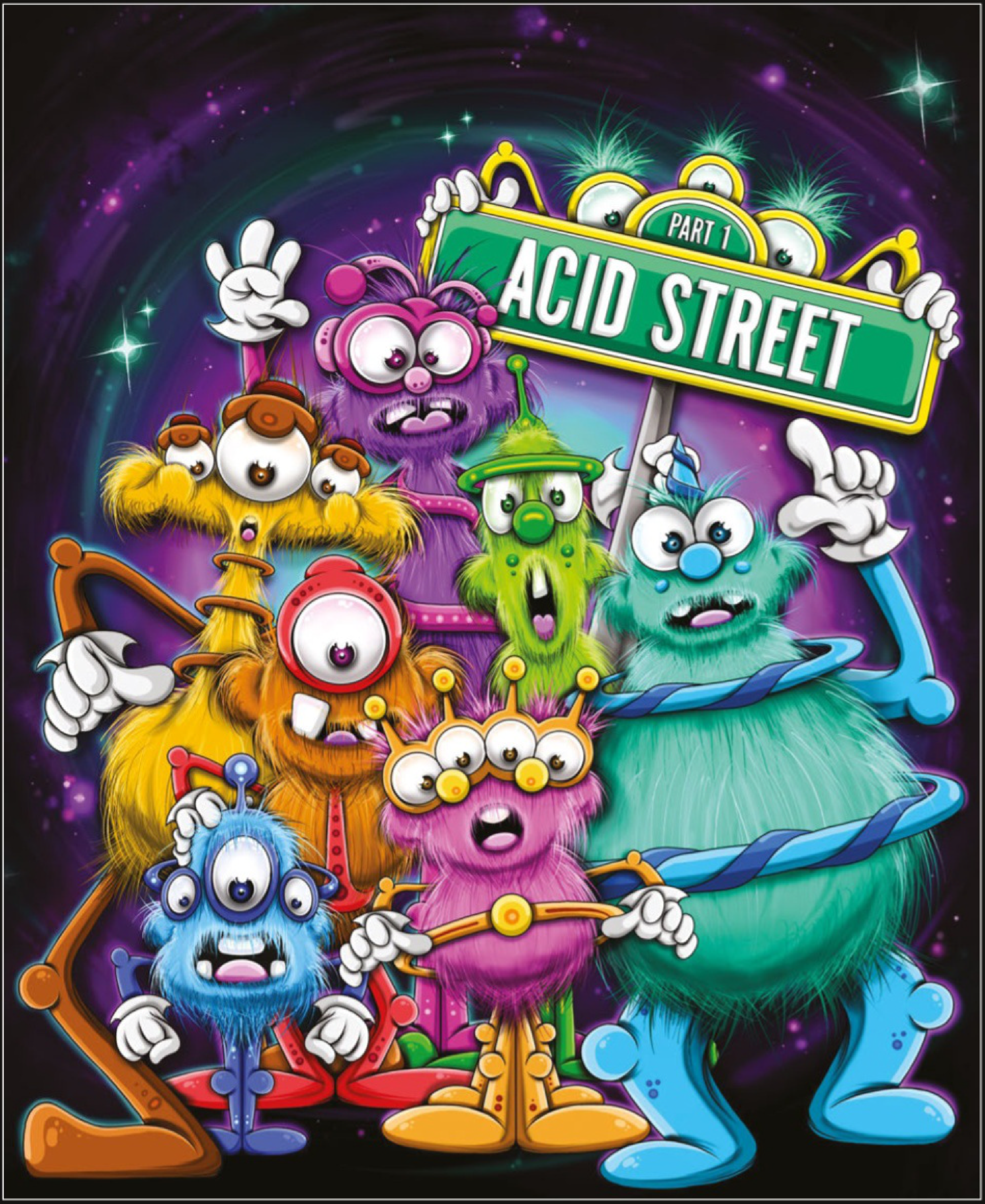
The Rubicon was crossed. Hill was a proud man, as well as possessing considerable upper body strength, and both traits came into play as he belted his fellow selector one across the chops. There followed 10 minutes of mayhem, in which the former teammates wrestled each other up and down the boardroom. Numerous punches were thrown, with blood spattering the room, the fighters, and the appalled onlookers Iredale and Smith.

In the end, McAlister was left lying on the floor, claret flowing freely from various points, with the furious Australian skipper standing over him. Hill didn't have a mark on him, proving whatever their respective merits as captain, he was definitely the better boxer.

Hill won the fight but lost big-time in the long run. Declaring himself unable to work with McAlister, he resigned as selector and captain. The Fifth Test of the 1911-12 series would be his last: umpire Bob Crockett reported tears in the great man's eyes as he came out to bat. Invited to tour England, Hill and five of his teammates declined. And that was that. One of Australian cricket's great careers ended in the most acrimonious and depressing of circumstances.

On the plus side, Clem Hill goes down as the only Australian cricketer to ever beat the pulp out of a selector, and for that alone he will always be a hero to the generations who followed him. ●

CREDIT: WIKIPEDIA


PART 1
ACID STREET

*'CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET?'*

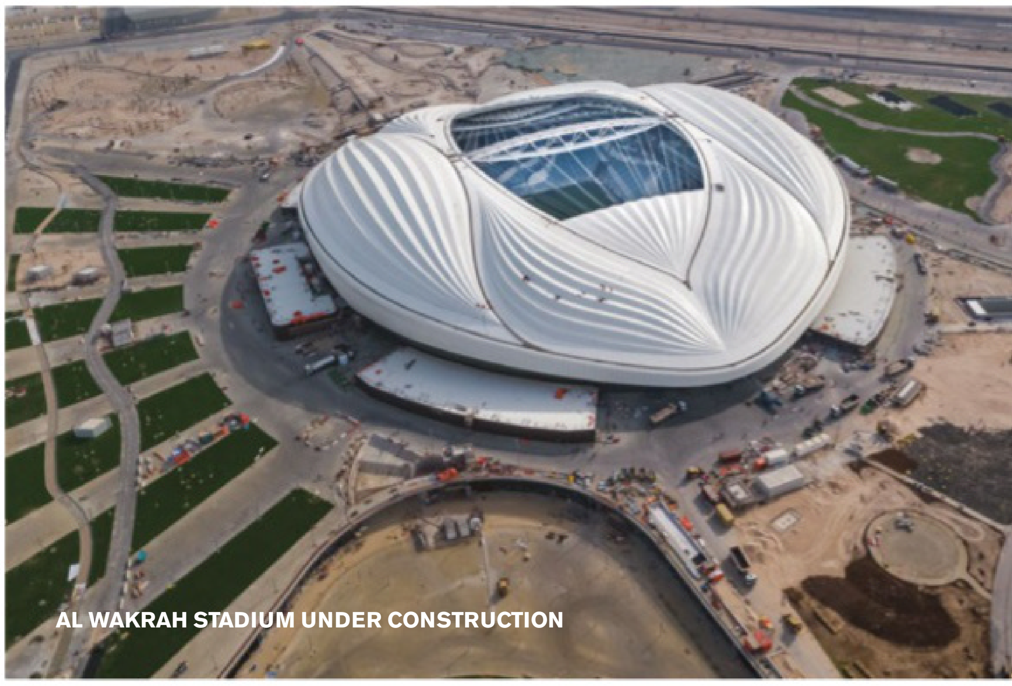
**CREATED BY LUCA THE ASTRONAUT**

SPORT

# The Most Controversial World Cup Ever

**BY ROB PEGLEY**

KHALIFA INTERNATIONAL STADIUM



AL WAKRAH STADIUM UNDER CONSTRUCTION

WHEN the second World Cup took place in Italy in 1934, Uruguay boycotted the tournament. They were still annoyed that not enough European nations had come to their World Cup held four years earlier. No team has ever boycotted a World Cup since.

While wars and politics have often caused nations to pull out of the Olympics, it seems nothing gets in the way of soccer. And if ever there was a World Cup to boycott, then this year's would be it.

To say 2022's event is already the most controversial World Cup of all time would not be that, well, controversial. Sepp Blatter and many other FIFA members have already gone on record as saying it was a mistake to give the World Cup to Qatar. But then backing up a truckload of cash to ease the voting may have helped.

Since then, there have been numerous reasons to walk away from that decision. Human rights organizations have condemned the working conditions of migrants who built the World Cup's stadiums, as well as condemning general conditions for migrants in the nation. While only 37 workers have died in the construction of the stadiums, some 6,500 migrant workers have perished in the country since it won its bid for the World Cup in 2010. Wages are poor, and conditions are atrocious.

With homosexuality outlawed in Qatar, gays can be imprisoned for up to seven years, and there have even been instances of people being put to death. While soccer has been encouraging players to come out, the World Cup in Qatar will not be the place to do it.

Then, of course, there's the fact that Qatar has never qualified for a World Cup in their own right, it's so hot there the tournament was forced to move from June and July for the first time in its history, and fans can't drink alcohol in the stadiums. That last bit finally got your attention, right?

The only thing that will really upset soccer fans, though, is if the tournament itself is a letdown.

The 1934 event was a celebration of fascism and the 1938 one a homage to Adolf Hitler. But the 2010 World Cup in South Africa irritated most fans because of the quality of the soccer, the mosquitoes and those annoying vuvuzela horns, while others were seriously put off by the 1994 tournament in the U.S. because the crowds and grounds didn't quite feel right.

What soccer aficionados really want are great sports nations going head-to-head, on good pitches, in great stadiums, with knowledgeable fans. So for all the human rights issues and politics surrounding this World Cup, as long as the pitches are well watered, the heat is bearable and the stadiums are packed, then we're on board.

**"While wars and politics have often caused nations to pull out of the Olympics, it seems nothing gets in the way of soccer."**

A decent giant-killing early on and some cracking goals, and we'll forget the rest. It shouldn't be that way, but it really will be.

What might be the biggest problem for fans around the world watching on TV, though, is the time of year. English fans used to watching their team in short sleeves and sunshine will be confined to home and the pub through November into December. The same applies for most big soccer nations. However, in Australia—a nation used to getting up at 4 a.m. in freezing midwinter to watch games—the tournament will take place in beautiful summer heat. Reason enough to forget the controversies already. ●

CREDIT: SUPREME COMMITTEE FOR DELIVERY & LEGACY / ADIDAS

# THE THRILL OF THE CHASE

## SYDNEY CHASE

*PHOTOGRAPHER*
**DANIEL ORROSTIETA @DANIELORROS**

# SYDNEY CHASE

STUNNING Sydney Chase is a dynamic social media sensation with 250,000 followers and counting on Instagram and a growing audience on TikTok. The Maryland native thrills her online fans by posting gorgeous photos and videos of herself and sharing snapshots from her jet-set life.

With mesmerizing eyes and a knockout figure, the long-legged lovely is well versed in body language. She's danced for a decade and calls it "a nice way to express yourself" and "a really good way to stay in shape."

Having been a model for four years, Sydney is also quite comfortable in front of the camera and tells *Penthouse,* "I'm very confident in my body."

And from what we can see, she has every reason to be!

**FAST FACTS**

- Her dream vacation spot: Bora Bora
- What she likes to wear to sleep: "Either a big T-shirt—or nothing at all."
- Her ideal man: "He's tall, confident, has tattoos—and is obsessed with me."
- What gets her in trouble: "My mouth, LOL. I always just say what's on my mind, no matter what."
- Favorite sports to watch: Football and basketball
- Her celebrity crush: Ian Somerhalder

AGE: 25
HEIGHT: 5′3″
MEASUREMENTS: 32DD-24-38
INSTAGRAM: @sydneychasexo
TIKTOK: @sydneychasexo

Sydney Chase

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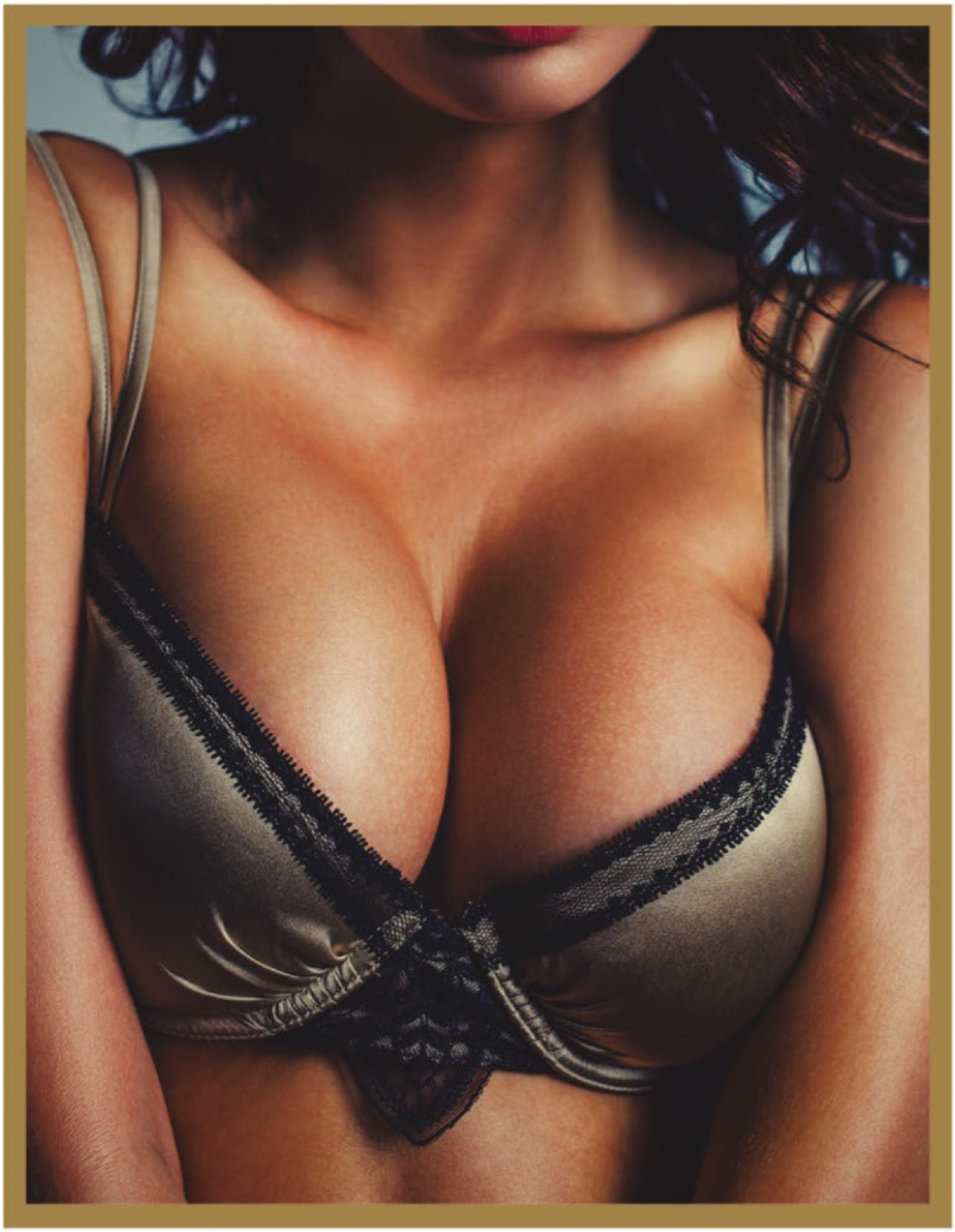

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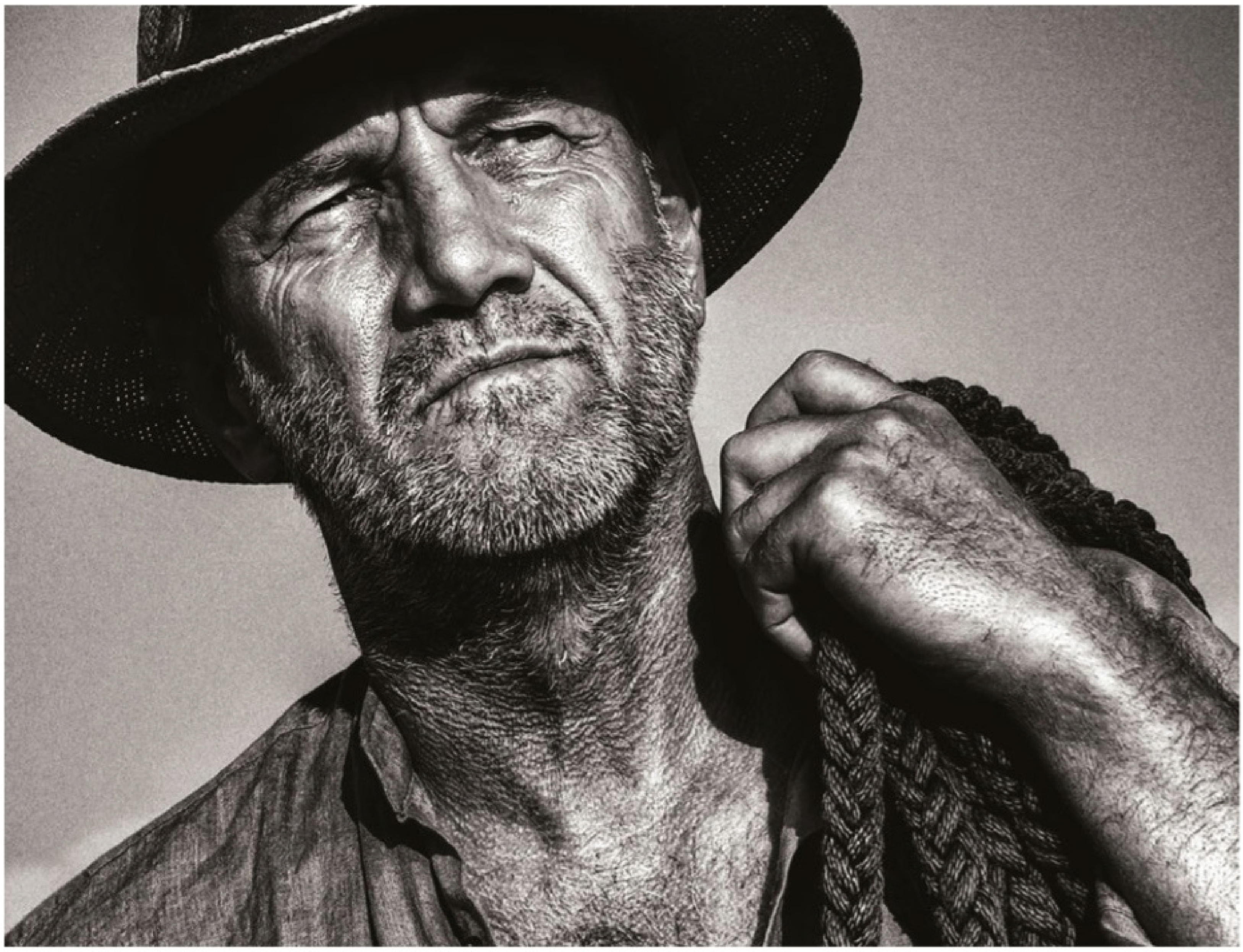
# THE PURSUIT OF ONE'S PASSION

*PHOTOGRAPHER*
**VASSILIS**



VASSILIS Pitoulis says “the sophisticated world and allure of haute couture” drew him to fashion photography as a young man in Paris in the ’80s. Family obligations saw the promising photographer temporarily turn his back on his dreams, but surviving a life-threatening health scare later encouraged Vassilis to follow his passion once again.

Today, the Greek photographer’s ambition has driven him to capture stunning women in gorgeous locations all around the world.

“My photography simply resembles my life these days: a journey full of surprises, excitement and discovery,” he tells *Penthouse*.

“There is light but also darkness, play and laughter, and of course, beauty. I want to show it all my own way.”

While his images are always aesthetically beautiful with an erotic edge, they also contain an element of mystery, often leaving the viewer feeling as though they are a voyeur spying on an unfolding story.

“A woman’s body is a great beautiful mystery that I try to unveil little by little, without ever completely achieving such a thing. It is a mystery that remains in spite of nudity, whether or not with an erotic component,” he says.

Vassilis reveals he prefers to shoot his images in black and white because that’s how he views the world.

“I see life in black and white, and I translate that into my photography,” he explains.

“I like black and white. It’s elegant, meaningful, and it’s in black and white that I visualize my scenarios. For me, black and white allows for a more focused concentration of the theme. It’s less distracting for the viewer. I translate that into my photography while focusing on the shadows to create more expression.”

A master of natural light and strategically placed shadows, Vassilis says his approach to lighting is to work with available light, rather than try to create new light.

“I don’t mind to let the light do the job. I actually love it when natural lighting takes control of the whole thing!” he shares.

“All I do then, are very small changes here and there. I move the camera, move myself or maybe add an umbrella for a very specific purpose.”

His approach to photography and life is very much the same as his approach to lighting.

He adds, “As with everything else in life, experience leads the way into new and sometimes unexpected directions. However, I don’t give it much thought. If anything, I try to be increasingly open with my mind, in an attempt to be able to see more and better, to perceive the images I want to capture.”

*INSTA:* **@vassilispitoulisphotography**

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# THE ADVENTURES OF DESTINY ROSE

TRAVEL IS IN HER BLOOD—YOU MIGHT SAY IT'S DESTINY

IN HONOREM PRINCI OST PAVLVS V BVRGHESIVS ROMANVS PONT MAX AN MD

WANDERLUST has taken hold of footloose beauty Destiny Rose, who tells *Penthouse*, “If I had to choose one thing that inspires me most, there is no other answer than traveling. I can’t sit in just one place!”

While relaxing on the patio of a villa in Malindi, Kenya—where she’s taking kitesurfing and wakeboarding lessons every day—our Pet of the Month for July 2022 shared memorable moments from her European road trip in 2021.

The native of Poland set off in a van with best friend Lukasz Bulczyński (Instagram: @luckaspain), who captured candid snapshots of the stunning beauty as they explored the continent together.

Destiny says, “We drove 7,299 miles through nine countries over three weeks. All in our sweet VW California Camper!”

She recalls their first overnight stop was in the middle of the Alps and shares, “This vehicle had a foldable bed on the roof. No words can describe the feeling of waking up there.”

The first major city on her itinerary was Rome, Italy, where she set her sights on a “naughty photographic challenge.”

She explains, “As you know, Vatican City is located in the middle of Rome. While admiring the beauty of this place, my friend convinced me to take a topless picture in front of St. Peter’s Basilica. Since then, we have taken topless images in front of the main tourist attractions in most cities, including Paris and Barcelona.”

Next up after Italy was Spain by way of France and Monaco.

She shares, “We dedicated this part of the trip to integrating with nature. We slept by the beach or on the hills above it. I listened to a lot of music and admired breathtaking landscapes.

“I had the best time in Barcelona, even if it was my sixth time visiting this artistic city. We got matching tattoos, drank gallons of sangria and fell in love with Spanish tapas.”

After bidding “adios” to Spain, Destiny said “bonjour” to Paris, which she admits is “as beautiful as they say.”

Of her time in the City of Lights, she says, “We focused on getting into the French vibe with champagne, sightseeing and visiting iconic places like Café de Flore, which held shows for Yves Saint Laurent and Chanel and launched campaigns for Louis Vuitton and Longchamp.”

Last but not least, they lit out for the capital of the Netherlands—Amsterdam, which Destiny calls a city made for partying.

“Even if I am not the biggest fan of smoking or other substances, I had a great time getting high and touring the red light district and art museums,” she reveals.

“Our road trip was a unique experience that showed how little I need to be truly happy. I visited the most beautiful cities in Europe and reminded myself about the uniqueness of European culture.”

Warmed by memories of her European adventures, Destiny is currently focused on her water sport lessons and snorkeling among Africa’s beautiful coral reefs.

“Africa is stunning,” she says. “You should visit it if you ever have a chance.”

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*INSTAGRAM:* **@littlepolishangel1**

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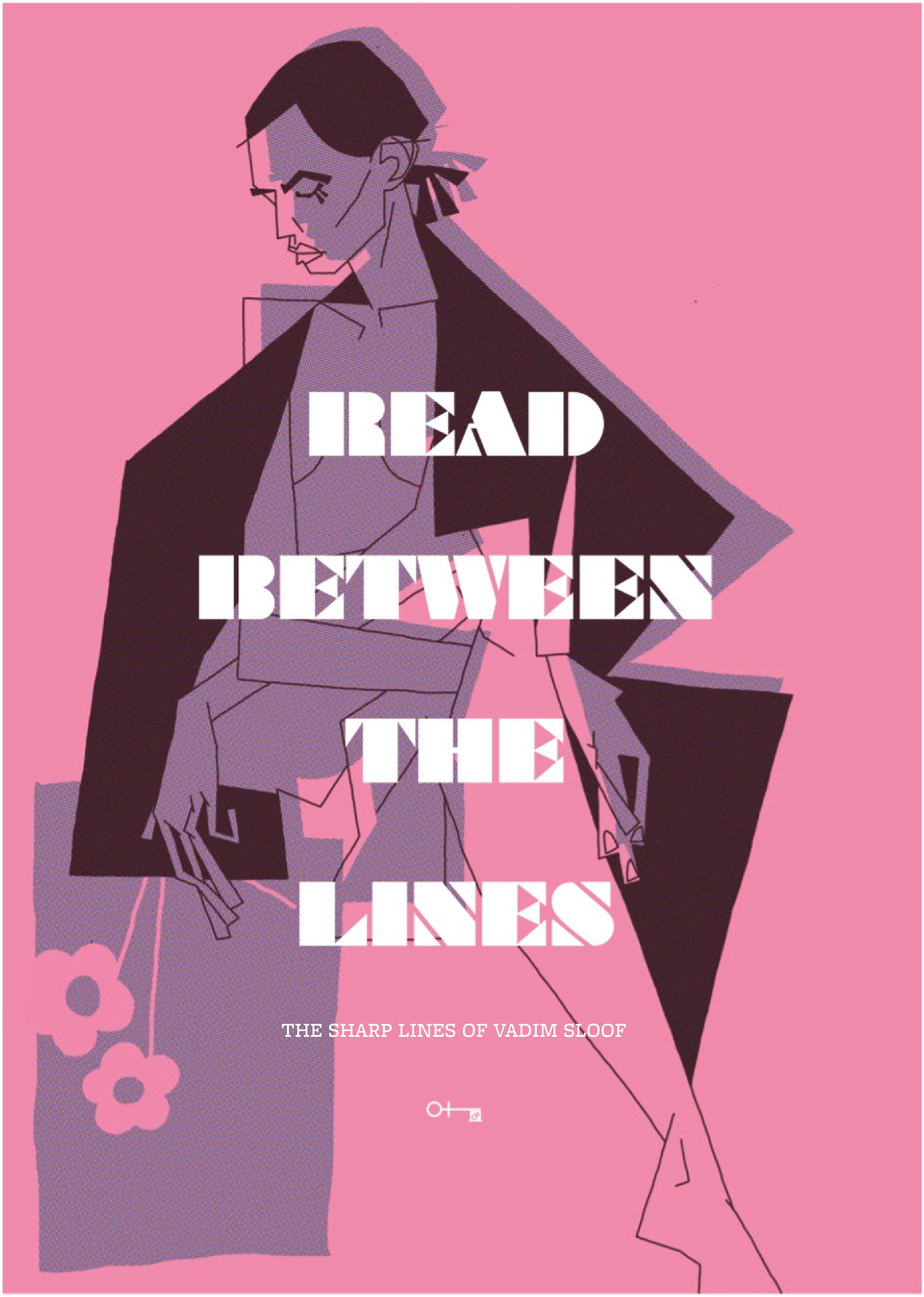


# READ BETWEEN THE LINES

THE SHARP LINES OF VADIM SLOOF

VADIM Sloof is a Russian graphic designer and illustrator, who creates emotive abstract line art paintings and drawings inspired by his love of graffiti art, fashion, ’90s music and classic painters. Using bright, flat colors, shapes and flowing lines, Vadim creates contemporary art that expresses movement and emotion, while proving there is power in simplicity.

**How did you come to be an artist?**
I’ve been working as a graphic designer and illustrator for a long time. I’ve also been doing graffiti since 1999. Through graffiti, I came into my professional work and into art.

**How did you develop your style?**
I always found characters were more interesting to draw than letter works, maybe because I found them easier to draw! I started by drawing characters from the classic hip-hop era, and slowly but surely, I eventually found my own style, which I’m currently developing.

**How would you define your current style?**
Now I can characterize it as something between figurative drawings and abstractive lines, because the way lines interact with each other is often more important than a single image.

**What inspires your work?**
My style is inspired by classic graffiti, early street artworks, English casual fashion and music in the ’90s, as well as some classic painters, such as Egon Schiele, Gustav Klimt, Amedeo Modigliani, Pablo Picasso, Burial, Aitor Throup, Cédric Honet and Anthony Lister.

**What mediums do you prefer to work in?**
Drawings on canvases and walls, and digital creations. The most important thing for me is to make it all look alike, so it doesn’t matter which medium I use.

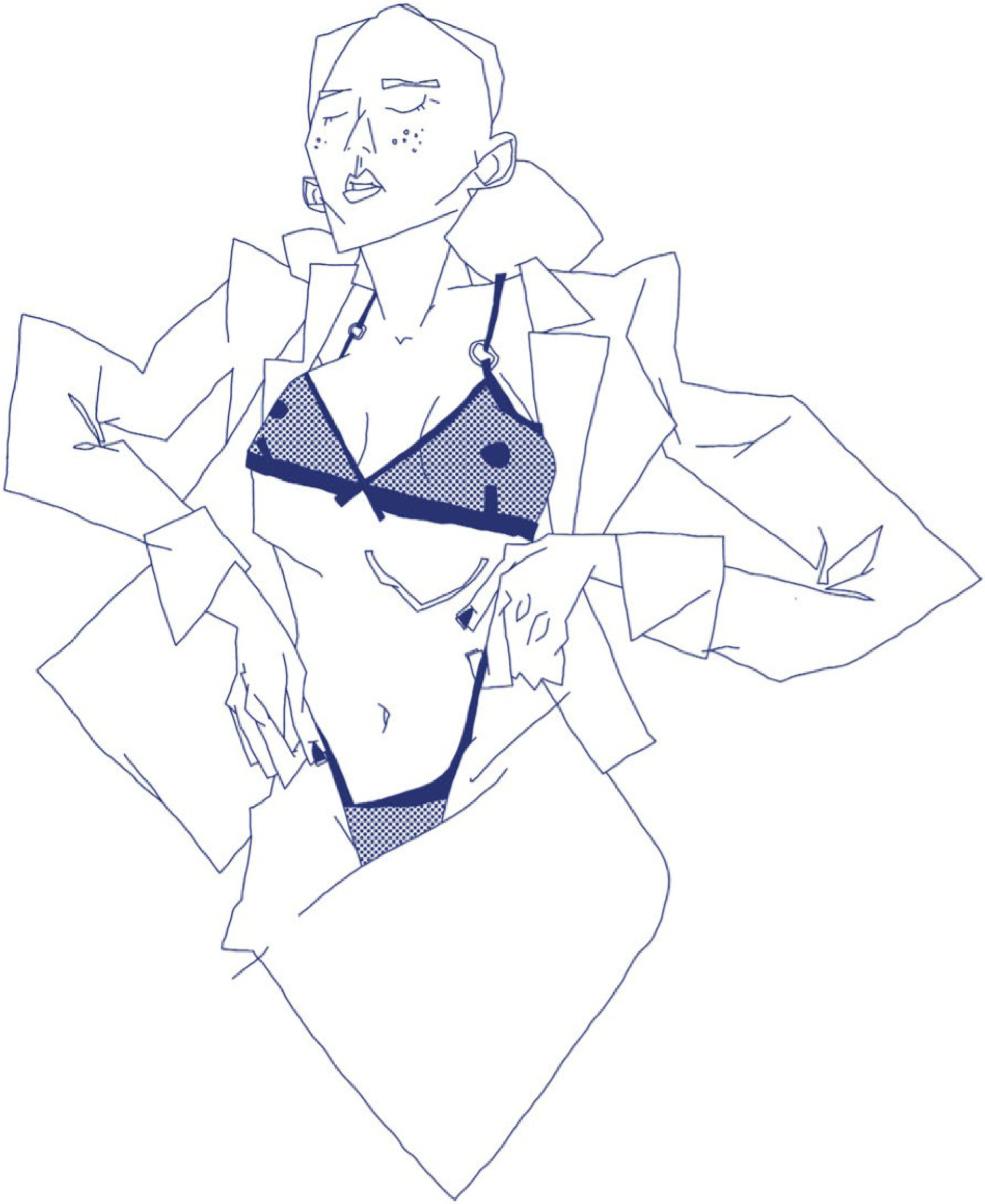
**How does erotica inspire your work?**
I think it’s something I took from classic painters. To me, the human body is one of the most exciting things. Often there is no sexual context in my works, just pure beauty of lines created by nature.

**What are you working on at the moment?**
Right now, I’m preparing for a big solo show, which will be in my hometown later this year.

---

*WEBSITE:* **behance.net/sloof**
*INSTAGRAM:* **@sloofcrueyeah**

> “OFTEN THERE IS NO SEXUAL CONTEXT IN MY WORKS, JUST PURE BEAUTY OF LINES CREATED BY NATURE.”



Tired

# NICE DAY FOR A WEED WEDDING

THINKING about getting hitched? Now, you can officially tie the knot with pot.

As recreational marijuana becomes legal in more locales and the stigmas surrounding it diminish, weed is being welcomed into more places than ever before—including weddings.

Instead of cannabis lovers bringing weed to their wedding, Las Vegas Cannabis Weddings brings their wedding to the weed. The company allows loved-up couples the chance to say "I doobie" and celebrate their love of cannabis—and each other—by having their nuptials or renewing their vows inside some of Las Vegas' best marijuana hotspots, including Planet 13, the world's largest dispensary.

Las Vegas Cannabis Weddings was established in early 2022 by Maxine Fensom, an international entrepreneur, adult industry trailblazer, cannabis coordinator and newly ordained marijuana minister, who says she got the idea to create the business while taking people on tours of dispensaries.

"I founded Las Vegas Cannabis Tours first in 2020, which is one of the only marijuana tours in Las Vegas fully owned and operated by a female. The tours attract both locals and visitors, taking them on a journey to visit major dispensaries, cannabis museums and grow houses in Las Vegas," she tells *Penthouse*.

"While running my tours, many people would ask me where they could get married with a cannabis theme. At the time, I didn't have an answer for them, but I've always had a knack for providing unparalleled experiences, so I started thinking about how I could offer couples a cannabis-themed wedding and then in 2022, Las Vegas Cannabis Weddings was born."

Just like there are endless strains of cannabis and ways to appreciate the herb, Maxine says there are a variety of reasons why some people choose rips over sips when it comes to their big day.

"All kinds of people are opting for a weed wedding! I especially marry a lot of couples who have found relief from either a debilitating illness or an addiction through cannabis and want to display their appreciation for the

“MOST COUPLES TELL ME THEY FOUND THE IDEA OF A CANNABIS-THEMED WEDDING SO NOVEL AND INTRIGUING THEY DECIDED TO HAVE ANOTHER WEDDING.”

herb by incorporating it into their wedding or vow renewal,” she says.

“I’ve had many couples renew their vows with Las Vegas Cannabis Weddings. Most couples tell me they found the idea of a cannabis-themed wedding so novel and intriguing they decided to have another wedding. Some couples reveal cannabis helped them through some tough times, so they wanted to pay homage to that by having a cannabis wedding.”

For others, a cannabis wedding also plays into a desire to limit expenses.

“Post-pandemic, many couples are opting for a smaller wedding ceremony for health and safety concerns and to keep costs down. Many couples have revealed to me they don’t want to start off their joint venture in debt, so a weed wedding is the perfect fun, interactive experience for them,” Maxine says.

While the cannabis industry is a progressive space, it’s still predominantly run by men, and Maxine says part of her mission is to connect with other women who want to be involved in the industry.

“I’m no stranger to male-dominated industries, and the cannabis industry is very much male-dominated. So, I do what I can to pave the way for the women who’ll follow in my footsteps, becoming an intricate part of the cannabis industry. I love to surround myself with fellow female powerhouses who understand the challenges of the industry and shatter those pesky glass ceilings, all while wearing four-inch heels!”

Las Vegas Cannabis Weddings has several packages on offer, as well as add-ons like a Bud Bar, Pot Party Favors—lighters, rolling papers and rolling trays—limo service, a cannabis bouquet and matching canna-boutonniere, cannabis-themed wedding thrones, and a stoner-worthy Munchies Menu, featuring lobster mac and cheese bites, bacon-wrapped shrimp, filet mignon and more.

Sounds lit if you ask us. ●

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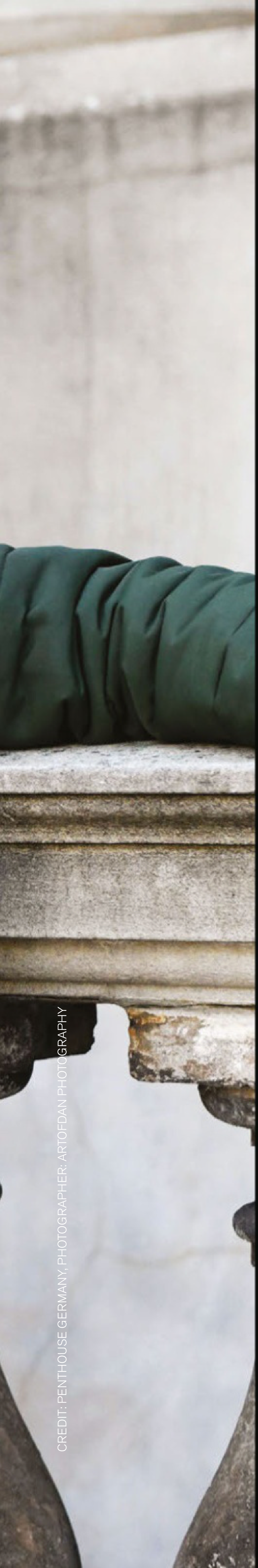
CREDIT: PENTHOUSE GERMANY, PHOTOGRAPHER: ARTOFDAN PHOTOGRAPHY

# HAZY SHADE OF WINTER

FIND ALL THE BEST LOOKS FOR THE NEW SEASON WITH OUR ATHLEISURE AND WINTER KNITWEAR PICKS. PLUS, TOM FORD'S NEW BRAND AMBASSADOR AND BREITLING'S WATCH COLLAB WITH KELLY SLATER'S OUTERKNOWN.

# TRAVELING WITH TRIPPIE BRI

## THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE GLOBE-TROTTER EXPLORES TWO EUROPEAN CITIES

ADVENTUROUS Trippie Bri recently enjoyed a brief visit to Kraków, Poland, before taking in the sights in Prague in the Czech Republic—and she's giving *Penthouse* a sneak peek into her mini Euro tour!

Our fun-loving May 2022 Pet—who speaks English, Polish and Italian—tells us she hit classic sightseeing spots, but made sure she branched out to do some exploring of her own.

"Locals gave me some good hints, and I found a couple of cool cafés hidden from the tourists. It was like a scavenger hunt!" she says.

Trippie visited Prague's cobblestoned hub Old Town, which is known for its stunning landmarks—including the medieval Astronomical Clock and the Gothic Church of Our Lady Before Týn.

She also sought out a place serving real absinthe—a potent anise-flavored liquor dubbed "the green fairy," which has been banned in the U.S. since 1915!

"I got to try it for the first time!" she says. "I had absinthe from two producers—the Swiss brand Butterfly and one from France's Lemercier. They tasted like alcoholic black licorice."

Trippie found Prague's nightlife limited, but she says it was "still entertaining." She even came across a dedicated James Dean bar, packed with Americana.

"It was funny seeing the European interpretation of America," she recalls. "The bar snack they served was popcorn! And they had Coca-Cola merchandise and half of a vintage Ford car as a booth."

Trippie also found her own personal way to liven up her trip and admits, "Since nudity is allowed in public in Prague, I couldn't resist pulling out my tits for a little unique fun!"

Though Trippie is now back stateside, her visit to the Czech Republic definitely made an impression.

"Prague is a great city to explore because there are a million different little winding alleyways that actually take you to cool spots you might never have noticed from the main street," she explains.

"I loved the experience, and I can't wait to do it again."

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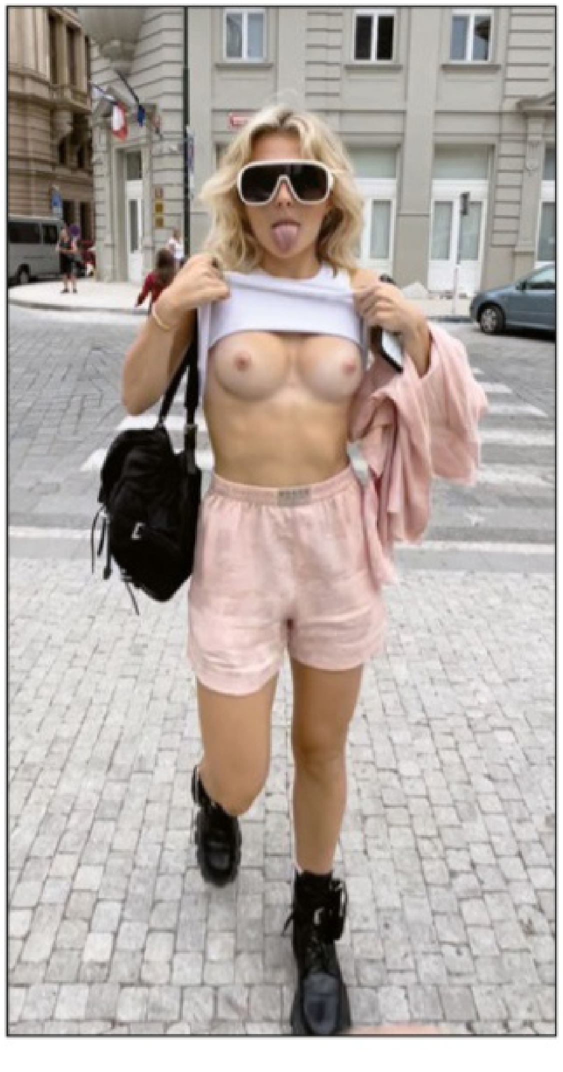
*INSTAGRAM:*
**@officialtrippiebri**



# OUTERKNOWN X BREITLING

SURFWEAR BRAND OUTERKNOWN AND LUXURY WATCHMAKER BREITLING ARE A COLLAB THAT'S AHEAD OF ITS TIME

HAVING surfing legend Kelly Slater, a genuine GOAT, as director means Outerknown probably gets offered a few more collaborative projects than most brands. The sustainable clothing and surfwear group has now teamed up with Swiss luxury watchmaker Breitling, and the venture makes more sense than you might expect.

Whereas some set aside a fair bit of time to head out into the surf for a morning or afternoon, professional surfing is against the clock. Checking the time between sets and the time until the end of the session can be the difference between advancing to the next stages or packing up your board and heading to the airport.

This fact—along with Slater's early memories of his dad, Stephen—is the inspiration behind the collaboration between Outerknown and Breitling.

The result is the Superocean Heritage II Chronograph 44 Outerknown. The timepiece boasts a strap made with Econyl—yarn from old fishing nets, a fabric which Outerknown has become accustomed to using in their clothing collections.

The watch face is bright orange, in a nostalgic nod to Stephen Slater, who wore an orange watch when the father and son surfed together.

Echoing Breitling's Superocean dive watch from the '50s, the Superocean Heritage II Chronograph 44 Outerknown is aimed firmly at a new generation of ocean lovers who get their kicks closer to shore.

It features the watch brand's signature arrow-pointed hands, a shock-resistant ceramic bezel and a COSC-certified chronometer.

So if time is of the essence when you're out on the water, and you're looking for an all-round time teller that looks as good with a wetsuit as it does with a traditional suit, the Superocean Heritage II Chronograph 44 Outerknown will fit the bill.

CREDIT: BREITLING

# SOFTCORE RADICALS

## SHEEP INC. WEAVES SUSTAINABLE FASHION GOALS WITH STYLE

Sheep Inc.
Sheep Inc.
Sheep Inc.
Sheep Inc.

EDZARD van der Wyck and Michael Wessely launched Sheep Inc. in November 2019. Their idea was to reimagine the knitwear industry by coupling age-old techniques with modern innovations, while becoming one of the world's first carbon-negative clothing brands. A bold objective indeed!

Fast forward to winter 2022, and Sheep Inc. has done just that. The results are pretty epic, proving neither concept nor creation have been compromised to achieve their vision.

So, how did a London-based brand, using wool from New Zealand and fabric manufactured in Italy, achieve such a lofty goal? Well, it's all quite clever.

For the wool, Sheep Inc. works exclusively with suppliers and sheep farmers who use regenerative farming methods. Wool is then sent to Italian yarn mills that run solely on renewable solar-powered energy. On top of that, money from every sale goes into environmental projects recommended by climate change experts, ensuring the company's carbon footprint falls into the negative.

But we hear you asking: Do their end products live up to the concept behind their production?

The answer is a resounding yes.

You can pretty much outfit yourself year-round with their creations—which range from tees and crewnecks to tracksuit bottoms and shorts. A standout within their collection is The Hoodie. This light and comfortable winter warmer is a unique take on a classic. It comes in an array of pastel and primary colors, but the striped Glucus Atlanticus is a real gem.

If you prefer a more rounded style, then look no further than The Cardigan. Again, it comes in a multitude of color variations, but the simple button look will work with just about everything in your wardrobe as it's a really versatile piece.

Van der Wyck and Wessely have even more ideas for changing the way the fashion industry operates. The innovators stress the point is to keep in tune with how clothes are created and to make the experience intuitive.

You can even stay up to date with the sheep that provided the wool for your tops, shorts or hats. Each animal is tagged, and you can check out how it's getting along, how often it's been shorn and even whether or not it's had a few little ones.

Moving forward, Sheep Inc. is now targeting closer work with other brands within the industry that want to follow a similar path. They aim to spread the gospel of carbon-negative production and help others come up with better ways to create clothing that benefits the planet—and the way we look. Hats off!

CREDIT: SHEEP INC

# FASHION FIT

## ATHLEISURE FOR THE WINTER SEASON

Finn Athleisure

SPORTS apparel exists in that gray area between practical and fashionable. But when the two meet in the middle, and are done right, we don't mind paying a few extra dollars for real quality—especially during the winter season.

With fewer sports enthusiasts turning to bigger names for their workout attire, there is a handful of desirable brands that have recently produced some showstopping athleisure apparel tailor-made for the modern athlete.

These brands tick all the boxes that many major players haven't managed to achieve, such as sustainability, creative designs and a focus on environmental impact.

French brand Satisfy is one such company. Created by a rock-'n'-roll and snowboard-loving fashion entrepreneur from the Alps, Satisfy has managed to marry lifestyle and high performance with forward-thinking, local fabric technology that puts them firmly in their own sphere. There aren't many places where you're going to come across muscle tees made for long-distance runners!

If you're a little less flamboyant and like something more basic, New Zealand's Finn Athleisure is a great choice. They offer a great selection of sports tees, shorts and headwear in minimalistic styles to help you warm up on the track or cool down with a beer. Their collections are basic yet still manage to offer an element of effortless style.

When it comes to performance sportswear, this type of clothing choice is relatively recent. These types of designs scream more "adventure" rather than anything about a specific sport. They're all about being yourself at whatever pace you set, so your attire is more a representation of you—rather than whether you're running a marathon or jogging to the bus stop.

The eco-conscious out there will also be pleased to know these sports subculture brands are all about selling and achieving sustainability, with Allbirds being a prime example.

Bio-based midsoles, tree fibers and a production process designed to use minimal energy mean Allbirds is literally light-years away from your standard running shoe brand. And the performance lives up to the hype without budging an inch on the overall look. Not bad!

But what about those who really take their sport seriously? Those who want to look good but demand total performance? Check out Soar, which is quite frankly one of the coolest running wear brands around.

Founded in London in 2015, they have become the Rapha of the running world, creating eye-catching, performance-driven fabrics that are making runners seem very cool again. It's the perfect marriage of cutting-edge technology, classy colorways and performance-enhancing materials. Their prices may sit at the higher end of the spectrum—but you more than get what you pay for.

With so many spectacular and sustainable alternatives to the bigwigs when it comes to getting fit, there's never been a better excuse to look like the athlete you are when out this season.

FRAGRANCE

# THE SMELL OF SUCCESS

## TOM FORD BEAUTY HAS ITS EYES ON THE STARS—AND GLOBAL DOMINATION

TOM Ford Beauty announced its latest ambassador for the Asia-Pacific market: acclaimed South Korean actor Gong Yoo.

The brand-new “attaché” immediately started collaborating with the American designer’s cosmetic arm and is said to share the same singular, modern vision of glamour as Mr. Ford himself.

Yoo has been a working actor since 2003. His stellar performance in the 2016 horror flick *Train to Busan* propelled him into worldwide recognition, and that role was followed by a part in the global Netflix smash *Squid Game.*

Yoo’s first project as brand ambassador is the campaign for White Suede, one of Ford’s most notable scents. This elegant, musk-inspired fragrance is sure to sell a lot more bottles in the region with his face attached to it, given his widespread popularity.

But enlisting Yoo is another clear sign that Ford is building momentum in Asia and seeing additional opportunities to sell his luxury selection of modern cosmetics and fragrances.

And cinema, the other love in his life, seems to be his vehicle.

As with any region in the world, a popular, recognized face sells products, and Ford is definitely learning from experience. Hyun Bin, another Korean actor, also represents the brand, having become Ford’s first-ever fragrance ambassador in the region in 2021. Adding another high-profile name is expected to be a certified winner.

CREDIT: TOM FORD

# GREECE IS THE WORD

### MONA, ATHENS' NEWEST BOUTIQUE HOTEL, ENERGIZES AN ANCIENT CITY

GREECE is one of those locations in Europe which is hot pretty much all year round. Given that it's also incredibly rich in culture and architecture, it's easy to see why so many tourists have it on their list of destinations.

What the city may be less well known for are luxurious hotels. But that's all changed with the opening of Mona, which is located in the heart of downtown Athens.

The concept boutique hotel was created by overhauling an eight-story industrial factory from the '50s. It includes 20 rooms, a café, lounge and rooftop terrace—plus a basement venue for performances by artists and musicians.

What's striking about Mona, however, are its stunning interiors. The overall design is a perfect blend of the past, present and future, creating dreamlike spaces that are more avant-garde than ancient Greece.

The walls have purposefully been left with the scars of the building's past, while the furniture and photography on the floors and walls push the mood into a more modern, bespoke setting.

The rooms themselves feature delightful reworked vintage furniture and classic Greek pottery, with beautiful green botanicals acting as a contrast to the brown, beige and gray surroundings.

Like any hotel, there's a varied selection of accommodations.

There are Intimates for two; Patios, which sleep up to three and feature signature recycled brick sofas and terraces, and Amours, which are suitable for parties of four.

But by far the most sought-after options are the Penthouses and Mona's Suites. With spacious interiors, balconies that overlook Athens and enough space to sleep up to four adults, they're the jewels in Mona's crown.

The furniture around the hotel has all been designed and created by the Mona team—and much of it is even for sale.

Mona has managed to breathe a fresh and modern lease of life into Athens and should definitely be considered by anyone seeking a luxurious, yet modern, stopover.

CREDIT: MONA / JASON WEMER

Athens at sunset

# RUNWAY TRENDS

## STYLISH CARDIGANS, COMFY TROUSERS, SNAZZY SWEATER VESTS AND POPS OF PINK ARE ALL IN THE FASHION FORECAST

SOME associate cardigans with accountants and the elderly. Harsh but true. This season's runway has proven cardigans can be cool. Bright colors, pastels and argyle prints round out the new wave of old school, including sweaters by Sheep Inc.

Loose-fit trousers, aka relaxed tailoring, are making a comeback. But the difference in today's drape versus the cuts from the '90s is the waistline. Higher-waisted trousers in fuller cuts are on-trend and chic—not to mention comfortable.

Get on board the baggy trouser train. Choo, choo!

Sleeveless sweaters or vests, whatever you want to call them, are a surprising entry onto runways. TV geek Steve Urkel's quirky knits need not put you off. Try sleeveless sweaters with or without shirts, so you can get your guns out and stay kinda warm at the same time.

Varsity jackets are also popping. Not so much frat house but still smelling like teen spirit, this is an opportunity to finally belong to a team without a cringeworthy initiation.

What colors can you possibly pair with pink? Be bold and match up deep burgundy, have some fun with tomato red or go wild with orange. When sanity prevails, the classics can't be beaten. French navy, light gray, off-white, beige, true white and army green—our office favorite—are perfect complements to this season's must-have shade. And if you happen to have a tobacco- or chocolate-brown suit, a pastel pink shirt can really bring the outfit together.

Long-sleeved linen shirts, lightweight cotton sweaters, polos and seersucker shorts are all safe bets to include pink in your warmer weather lineup.

If you're struggling to come to terms with pink, try adding it as an accent as opposed to a hero piece. Hats, sneakers, pocket squares and sunglasses are all fun ways to include pink without a full color immersion.

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NOVEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

# WELCOME TO PARADISE

## VERONICA PERASSO

PHOTOGRAPHER
AARON SOLORZANO

Veronica
Perasso

# VERONICA PERASSO

SENSUAL, feminine and fun, November's Penthouse Pet Veronica Perasso is a pint-sized dynamo with a larger-than-life personality. Standing at just 5-foot-1, the Venezuelan-born beauty set out to make a fabulous life for herself in the United States and take the world by storm—and she's well on her way to achieving her goals!

The lovely Latina now calls Arizona home, but she regularly goes on the road for her modeling and acting careers. When she's not performing for the camera, the fitness buff keeps her stunning bod in shape by hitting the gym. Her workouts ensure she always looks ab-tastic, but Veronica still has a bodacious booty, making her easy on the eyes whether she's coming or going!

Fortunately for us, Veronica is sharing her considerable charms with *Penthouse,* and we're eager to see every side of this intriguing goddess.

**What qualities do you like most about yourself?**
I have an innocent nature. I see the good in people. I'm fun and carefree and don't put too much value in what others think.

**What's your favorite way to relax?**
Suntanning on a boat, surrounded by the scent of the sea, with good music playing and a glass of champagne in my hand.

**If you could do anything for a day, what would it be?**
My dream is to work at a big cat sanctuary. So, I'd love to pet tigers, feed them and play with their cubs.

**Describe your ideal man.**
He has a lot of patience! He's also smart, understanding, supportive and masculine—and wants to protect me like I'm a princess. He's economically stable but not obsessed with money.

**What's the most daring thing you've ever done?**
Moving to a new country with just $100 in my pocket. I'm proud I was able to learn a new language, adapt and make my dreams come true!

**Do you play any sports?**
Does *Mario Golf* count? LOL. ●

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**AGE:** 24
**HEIGHT:** 5'1"
**MEASUREMENTS:** 32DDD-21-35
**HOME COUNTRY:** Venezuela
**TWITTER:** @veronicaperasso
**INSTAGRAM:** @veronicaperasso

TO SEE MORE OF VERONICA PERASSO
GO TO PENTHOUSEGOLD.COM

# SEA CHANGE

### AMID ROARING WAVES, VETERANS FIND SOLACE IN SURFING AND MAKE PEACE WITH THE PAST. **BY TERESA FAZIO**

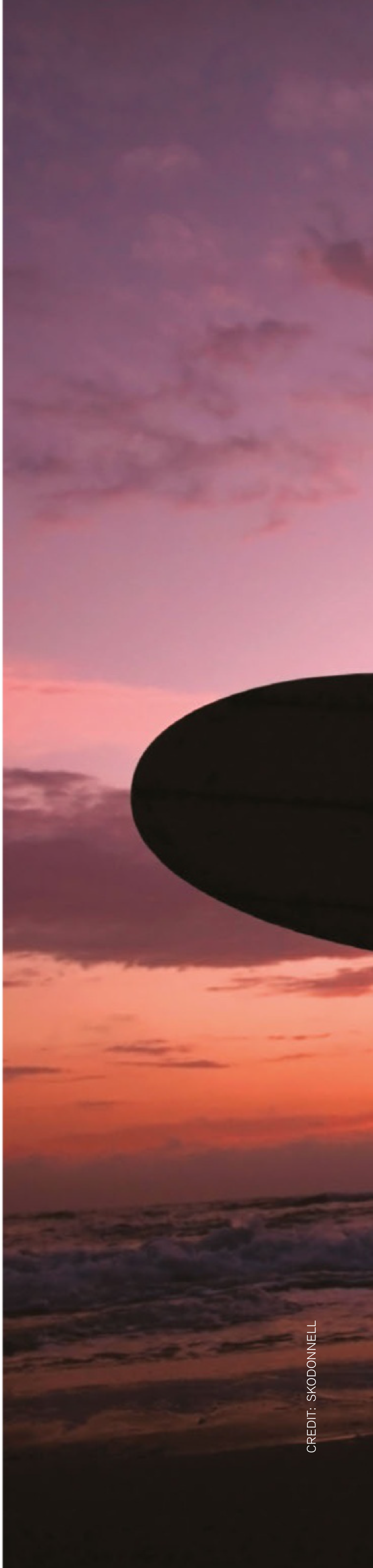
THE spring after I got home from Iraq, I lay on a surfboard for the first time. Some fellow lieutenants and I had signed up for a group lesson for a friend's birthday. All I remember of that misty day in Carlsbad, Calif., is plunging into the ocean and getting my sinuses clogged with seawater. I didn't stand up even once. But my comrades and I were a stubborn lot, and several of us kept at it, making surfing—or more accurately, attempted surfing—a Saturday-morning ritual for much of the following year.

I'd lock my glasses in my car—a risky move since I'm extremely nearsighted and hadn't yet been fitted for contacts—and stumble barefoot onto the sand. A foam beginner's longboard formed a giant sail as I carried it down the beach. I'd battle the waves past the break. When I turned toward the shore and looked over my shoulder, I wasn't able to discern sky from ocean. My friends would yell when a big wave came, and I'd only start paddling when they did. After an hour or two of flailing, we'd all get brunch at a beach-town café.

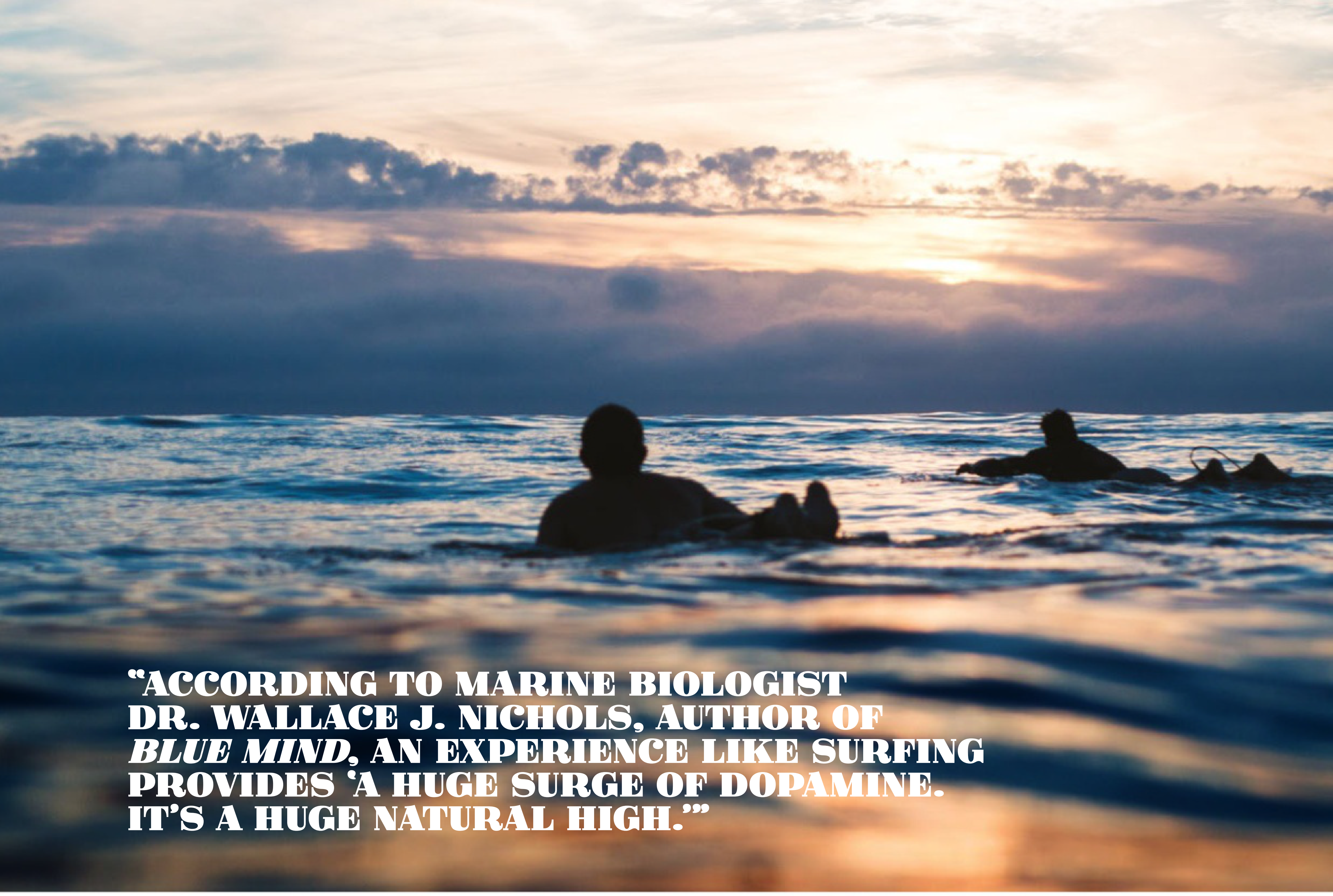
I didn't stand up that whole first year. I drank a bunch, though, had nightmares about Iraq, and pined for a guy I'd met on deployment who wouldn't, for very good reasons, make a go of things with me. I left the Marines and California for grad school in New York City, and I continued to try—and fail—to outrun my past.

If I wasn't wounded or killed, did I really do enough in the desert? Was I worthy of the sacrifices others made? After several years of deep struggle, I started the long process of making peace with my deployment and my service as a whole. Part of that peace came the summer after grad school ended, when I picked up surfing again.

With a small crew of friends, I'd take the Long Island Railroad to Long Beach or the subway out to Far Rockaway at what felt like an ungodly hour on weekend mornings. My friends tried to coach me—all of us on rented boards. But despite actually being able to see the waves at that point, I almost never got the timing right. I typically found myself too far behind the crest to really ride it—and too timid to let myself be overtaken enough for it to push me. When I did, I might have made it onto my knees or butt. The rush of the ocean—a thrill for some—felt terrifying to me. Occasionally, I'd get brave and end up too far ahead of a wave, nosediving into the water, toppling ass over teakettle and filling my nostrils with seawater. In between wipeouts, floating



CREDIT: SKODONNELL



**“ACCORDING TO MARINE BIOLOGIST DR. WALLACE J. NICHOLS, AUTHOR OF *BLUE MIND*, AN EXPERIENCE LIKE SURFING PROVIDES ‘A HUGE SURGE OF DOPAMINE. IT’S A HUGE NATURAL HIGH.’”**

on a board past the break washed away the hectic rush of the city, and I relaxed in anticipation of a post-surf burrito and nap. It might have been the contact lenses, but after a surf session, I felt I could see my demons more clearly.

It is just this sort of peacemaking that drives Operation Surf—operationsurf.org—a Santa Cruz, Calif., nonprofit run by former pro surfer Van Curaza, who has devoted this portion of his career to teaching veterans surfing. The Netflix documentary *Resurface* tells the story of Operation Surf through the eyes of veterans like Bobby Lane, a Marine who sustained a traumatic brain injury in Iraq and whose post-deployment life spiraled into cabinets full of medication and a troubled young marriage. Lane had wanted to surf since he was a kid and planned to try Operation Surf just once—and kill himself thereafter. But something clicked after he caught his first wave. Now he says, “The ocean is the one place I know I can go to for peace.” He explains helping other veterans find the same solace he did gives him a sense of purpose and reduces his PTSD symptoms.

According to marine biologist Dr. Wallace J. Nichols, author of *Blue Mind*, an experience like surfing provides “a huge surge of dopamine. It’s a huge natural high.”

Nichols, whose book explores how water positively affects health and well-being, adds, “Your body is a pharmacy.”

And if one is nursing severe physical injuries, reentry into civilian life can be especially challenging. Operation Surf’s adaptive programs have helped Martin Pollock, a triple amputee and British Army veteran, change his personal narrative from one of damage to one of resilience and strength.

For anyone struggling with the aftereffects of trauma, moving one’s body helps create new neural pathways for recovery. Or as Lane puts it, “Van just tells me to get out of my head because that’s a bad place to be.”

I agree wholeheartedly about the healing, head-clearing properties of ocean therapy. In summer 2020, fresh off a breakup and an interstate move, I picked up surfing again at a beach in Gloucester, Mass. A local surf shop’s Sunday-night lessons were one of the few socially distant, but still social, activities available to someone new in town in the midst of a global pandemic. Week after week, those surf nights broke the monotony of COVID-era isolation. Under the patient coaching of instructors, I started standing up consistently, and sitting out past the break on a board provided enormous peace. With colleagues and neighbors, I’ve gotten into a steady rhythm of surfing in New England, and even bought my own board this past spring. No longer am I trying to exorcise demons from the desert. Though there is sand in both places, the similarity ends at the waterline.

Driving home pleasantly tired after a surf session, knowing the war is safely in the past, I look forward to the same thing as Lane when he says, “I close my eyes to go to sleep, and the only thing I can dream about is catching that next wave.”

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*Teresa Fazio is a former Marine. Her book* Fidelis *is available now in paperback.*

CREDIT: IANMCDONNELL

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DECEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

# SUGAR AND SPICE

## AMBER ROSE

**PHOTOGRAPHER**
GERALD DE BEHR

# Amber Rose

# AMBER ROSE

SULTRY and savvy, December's Penthouse Pet Amber Rose sizzles for the camera—but in her private life, she's a secret book-loving nerd. Though it doesn't take much effort to read between the lines and realize there's more to this fascinating beauty than meets the eye.

The Sin City stunner has an adventuresome spirit and admits she's willing to do anything, anywhere, anytime—and always speaks her truth.

She jokingly confides, "I just have no filter at all."

This sporty go-getter has played volleyball, soccer and baseball, and she's been a bartender, professional shopper and competitive cheerleader. But she's left her previous jobs behind to focus on a modeling career, and we couldn't be more thrilled with her choice.

Amber tells *Penthouse* she loves to travel—and especially enjoys tropical getaways. But we think she makes temperatures rise everywhere she goes.

**How would you describe your personality?**
I'm incredibly positive. I've learned a positive attitude can literally change your life.

**What's your dream vocation?**
I'd love to be a billionaire philanthropist. Nothing makes me feel better than doing good things for others.

**What are your pet peeves?**
I absolutely hate liars and people with unchecked insecurities.

**Where's the most exciting place you've ever had sex?**
On the hood of my car outside Qualcomm Stadium in San Diego during a double overtime football game. People were watching, and I thought it was so hot!

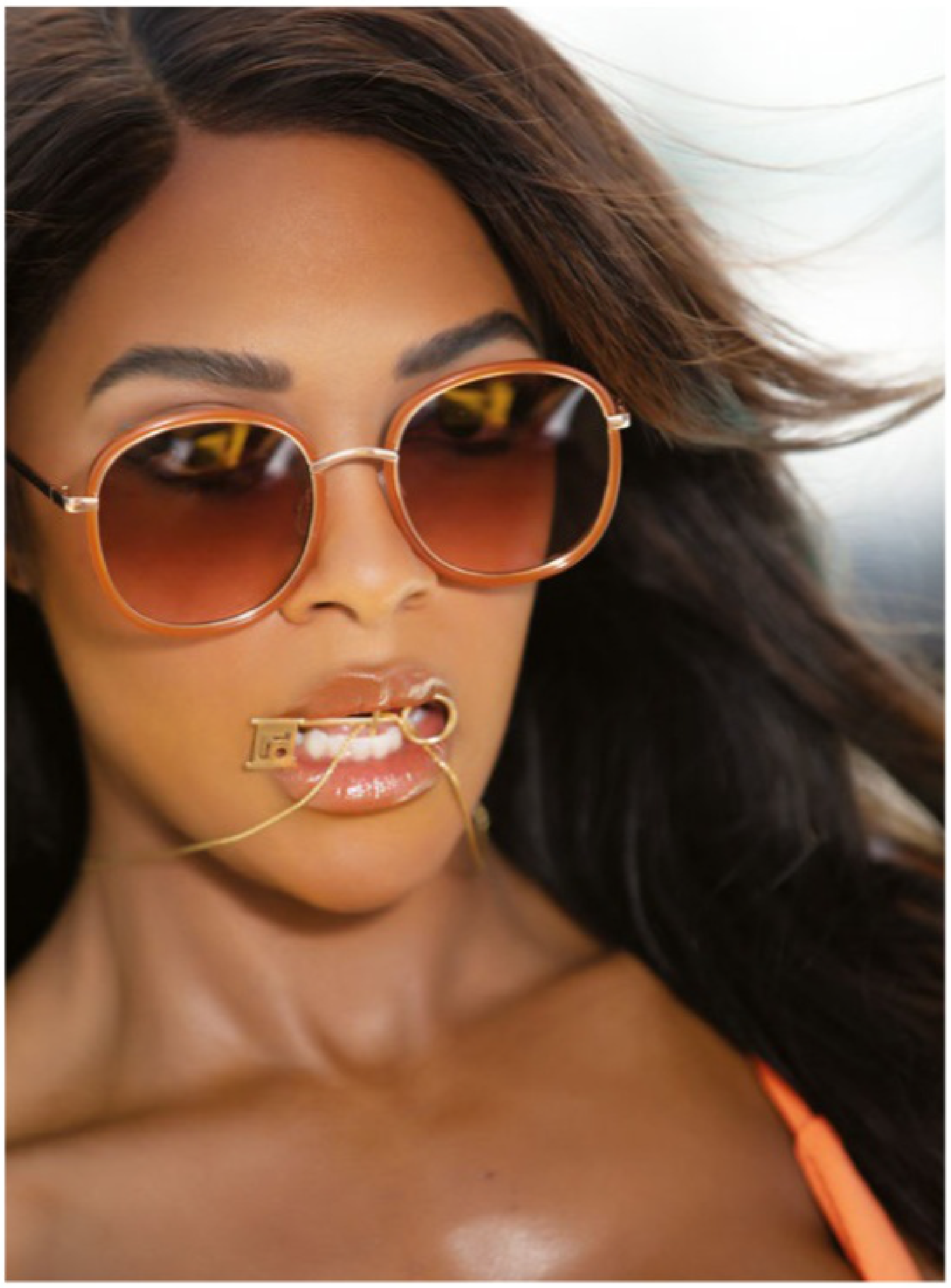
**Describe your ideal date.**
Cooking an amazing dinner together, while enjoying incredible wine and conversation.

**What's your favorite way to get a workout?**
Sex. Duh!

**What's your hidden talent?**
Ha! It's pretty outrageous. I am like a sprinkler, if you get my drift.

---

**AGE:** 34
**HEIGHT:** 5'10"
**MEASUREMENTS:** 32C-25-36
**HOMETOWN:** Wichita, Kan.
**TWITTER:** @amberoxrose
**INSTAGRAM:** @amberoxrose
**TIKTOK:** @amberoxrose



**TO SEE MORE OF AMBER ROSE**
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EROTIC FICTION

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# FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

## WANDERLUST

THE winter had hit hard, and I'd fucking had it with the cold. When it wasn't snowing, the sky felt frozen and the wind dug at me with icy fingers. When it did snow—and it did, a lot—it came down mercilessly. The city plows were out all the time, but the streets were always a mess.

Getting around on foot was an exercise in masochism. I had to dress like I was going out on a glacier, and even then, the cold still found a way to get to me.

The weather affected my sex life as well. I had a nice passel of women who I'd been seeing for naked frolics, but they were feeling less and less frolicsome. The cold put people in a foul mood—myself included.

I woke up in the morning to gray, and it only got grayer and chillier from there. The sun was just a rumor, and the thought of going out without multiple layers seemed like the dream of a madman.

I was miserable and horny, and I needed a solution.

One evening I was grimly channel-surfing and happened on a travelogue show. Some nitwit was babbling about how papayas were grown, but I looked past him to gaze at the surrounding scenery.

The tropics. Glowing beaches, lush greenery, colorful birds. Palm trees reached toward a sky so blue it looked fake. The sun shone down, and I could tell just by looking that the temperature was that of a luxuriant bath.

A dormant part of me stirred. It was the part that remembered warmth, that knew it was feasible to be outdoors shirtless. That the world wasn't really a frozen wasteland. That somewhere, somehow, it was warm and restful and lovely. I could be happy again, all from a simple change of venue.

The idea even stirred my cock. They say there's nothing like vacation sex, and I figured at the very least I'd have fun trying to get some. I finagled some time off from work, searched tirelessly for a cheap flight south, and finally set out for warmer climes.

There was a breathless excitement to my venture. I didn't do stuff like this. Most of my life I'd been cautious, making sure of every step before I made it. The only part of my life, frankly, where I'd shown some balls was with sex. In that arena I'd been adventurous and had lots of happy memories. But I hadn't flown halfway around the world and made love to a stranger. Maybe it was time I righted that oversight.

On the long flight, I contemplated the notion, and the fantasy took on a life of its own.

Probably it was just my brain unfreezing, but I quickly began unwinding during my journey. My muscles were loosening, my nerves were soothed, and I wasn't braced for the next blast of frigid air. The place I was going to promised to have a more tolerable climate.

When I, at last, walked out of the airport at my destination, the humidity stuck my shirt to my back, but the sun dazzled me. Heat—not warmth, heat—penetrated me to my core. I let out an unselfconscious sigh, and a few locals laughed at the exhilarated tourist. I didn't mind at all.

I especially didn't mind how much bare female flesh was on display. Everyone looked healthy and vibrant and alive.

It was a beach town, so I checked in at my cheap accommodations and headed for the shore in swim trunks. I was managing the language well enough, and everyone seemed friendly.

The ocean was a sparkling expanse, and the waves came in leisurely. I was walking toward the water in a happy daze when I realized no one else was wearing clothes. My steps hitched. All around were healthy, glistening bodies—women and men, everybody at ease.

I wondered if all the beaches there were like this or if I'd stumbled on the local nudie hotspot. It didn't really matter. But I had to make a decision—join in or go somewhere else. For the first time in my life, I felt embarrassed for being dressed.

So I peeled off my trunks. The sun coated me with its soothing rays. The breeze off the water touched every part me. I'd never been naked in public before like this. It was quietly thrilling, and the nude women all around were a lovely sight.

I knew it would be bad form to get a hard-on in such a situation, so I hurried down to the water and waded out. The sea was warm, and I swam out a little with colorful fish darting left and right.

Someone else was swimming just ahead of me. I saw the lithe female figure in the crystal-clear sea. The woman was beautiful, gliding through the water, her movements graceful and strong. Her hair streamed out behind her, and her body was perfectly toned.

She had on only a snorkel mask. I couldn't help but take in the lush swells of her ass as she flexed her body. Her breasts were full, and every inch of her had been exposed to the sun—with no hint of a tan line anywhere.

I'd been swimming under the surface, and I finally went up for air. I also didn't want to be caught ogling her from behind, especially as my cock had started to stir.

When I broke through the water and filled my lungs with air, I saw she'd come up as well. Deftly she treaded

water. She took off the snorkel, pushed her hair off her face and gave me a long look. I winced because I felt she must have seen me eyeing her.

Using the same graceful strokes as before, she swam toward me. When she got close enough, I was relieved to see she didn't look angry. She said something in the local tongue, and I brokenly asked her to repeat it slowly.

A grin cut across her face, her teeth dazzling in the sun.

"You're American?" she responded in perfectly clear English.

"How can you tell?" I replied as I treaded water. The beach was distant enough that no one there could see us clearly. We likely appeared to be two bobbing heads to anyone observing us from the shore.

She laughed, and it was a lovely sound. Then she said, "You look like you've come from somewhere cold." She paddled nearer and said, "I should give you our traditional welcome." Laughing again, she reached boldly toward me and closed her hand around my cock.

I absolutely froze as if I was back in my snowbound city, cast out naked into the icy streets. But there was no cold, and my blood pumped fast and hot. Desire bloomed in me with all the heat of the surrounding tropics. My dick grew helplessly hard in her grip.

But my arousal didn't make the situation any less outrageous. How brazen she was! Even so, I didn't sense any malice. She wasn't making fun of the visitor; I didn't think her action was some kind of trick on her part. And damn, her hand felt good on my now fully engorged shaft. She tugged on it gently.

Fighting to keep my voice steady, I said, "You have wonderful customs here." I would play along. If this was just some playful teasing, so be it. But if she was serious, I was, too.

"I would like to kiss you," she confessed and waited for my response.

I didn't point out that it was kind of strange to ask permission for a smooch when she already had a fistful of my cock. Instead, I simply said to her, "Then you should kiss me."

She leaned toward me, and I put my mouth against hers. I tasted sea salt on her lips, which were lovely and full and smooth, and she moved them against mine. Slowly our tongues tangled; it was a long, deep kiss.

She let go of my cock, but the intimacy and connection remained between us. I introduced myself by saying, "My name is Kevin."

"I am Marta."

"That's a beautiful name, and you're a beautiful woman."

"Ah, a flattering American. How wonderful. Perhaps you would like to join me for a meal. My home isn't far from here."

It sounded marvelous, but I didn't want to go back onto the beach right away with a flagrant hard-on.

> **"My jizz began to gush in heavy spurts, but Marta didn't take her mouth off me."**

"I'd love to," I said. "But, um, could we wait a few minutes?"

She reached out and brushed her fingers along my cheek as she said, "Time is leisurely here. We'll go when you are ready."

It was all a bit backwards. However, I couldn't help but grin at the whole situation. Later that day, we ate a fine, civilized meal at her home. We talked about ourselves. She'd gone to school in America. Yet, just a short time ago she had held my hard cock in her hand. It was like we'd started out with the sexual antics and were circling back around for the romantic date.

Marta was a lovely person, through and through. I realized with a start that I could actually fall for this woman. Not only had my bones thawed out in these torrid tropics, but apparently my heart was unfreezing, too.

Night had come, and we went for a walk together, barefoot.

"It's a beautiful night," I said, looking up at the incredibly bright stars. "But I guess most nights are here."

She laughed softly, her voice a musical tinkling in the gentle dark. We walked along a dirt path with greenery overflowing on either side of the road. I heard waves splashing in the distance and smelled the salty air.

"Perhaps we should finish what we started earlier," she said as we walked out onto the vacant stretch of starlit beach. She sounded almost shy.

My desire swelled as I took her into my arms. We kissed, and it was as delicious and electric as the first time. She pressed her body against me. She wore only a thin dress, and I felt the swells of her breasts and the rising hardness of her nipples through the material.

Our tongues swirled together. Her hands moved on me, tugging at my clothing and stripping me naked. There was no one else on the beach, so my inhibitions were nonexistent.

I slipped the dress off her shoulders, and it pooled around her ankles. Her body was bare beneath, her skin gleaming and smooth. My cock surged to full hardness. My flesh tingled as I felt the sweet currents of arousal flowing between us.

Earlier, when we were in the water she'd boldly reached between my legs. Now, I did the same to her, slipping a fingertip along her slick groove. She made a mewling sound of pleasure, and I pushed my cock against her belly.

Sexual energy crackled between us, so intense I wouldn't have been surprised if we'd given off some sort of radiance. I stroked her ready cleft, sliding a finger into her up to the first knuckle. She ground her hips against me as her body undulated. She nestled her face against the hollow of my throat and moaned loudly.

I snaked my finger further in, feeling her wetness. I was thrilled by her interior silkiness, and she murmured something breathless in her native tongue. The syllables were like musical notes, but their meaning was plain.

This was clearly pleasing her.

Emboldened, I slipped a second finger inside her and stirred both digits deep within her. Withdrawing, I stroked her clitoris, and the swollen bud pulsed with need. She writhed in my arm's embrace as I repeated the motions of my hand.

As a cry rose in her throat, I felt its increasingly strengthening vibrations. Her voice started low, almost guttural, then ascended to a soaring pitch. She shook against me as her pussy tightened around my fingers. She seemed to come with every part of her being as she was overwhelmed by joy.

She sighed and stepped back. I was about to suggest we take to the sand when she dropped to her knees. I moved to follow, but she stopped me. When she cupped my balls and released a hot breath against my cockhead, I grinned with pleasure.

I wondered if this was another of her "traditional" welcomes for visitors. If so, this place had some sweet conventions!

I caught the wet flash of her tongue as I gazed down in anticipation. Then I felt her lick my swollen knob. A muscle jumped in my right leg, and I had to wheel my arms to keep my balance. I planted my feet in the sand.

She sealed her lips around me and sucked my crown into her mouth. The wetness and pressure sent bliss rocketing through my veins. She made another mewling sound. This time, the vibrations went straight to my cock, and my balls stirred in her gentle grasp.

Slowly but without pause, she sucked her way down to the base of my rod. I gasped as I felt my cockhead enter her throat. She held me like that a moment—maybe adjusting her throat muscles, maybe just showing off. Then she lifted and dropped her mouth in smooth, repetitive motions.

They say there are no bad blowjobs, which is an untruth. But there are some great blowjobs. This was one of them. Marta had a flawless technique, and her head bobbed on my dick. She gently squeezed my balls, and the ring of her mouth rode my staff as hungry slurping sounds escaped her lips.

The intensity redoubled as she sped up. Before long, I was nearing the brink. In a shaky voice I said, "Hold on, I'm gonna shoot!"

But she didn't stop, and I didn't have the willpower to end things. My climax hit me. It seemed to start in the soles of my bare feet and race up through the middle of my rod. My jizz began to gush in heavy spurts, but Marta didn't take her mouth off me. I heard her swallowing my load as ecstasy rang within me.

Afterward, I staggered and dropped to the still warm sand. My desire hadn't left me, though my cock was now at half-mast. I felt an overwhelming urge to reciprocate the pleasure she'd given me.

I crawled toward her and motioned for her to lie back. She did. I lay between her legs, and her smooth thighs closed around my shoulders. Her pussy glistened in the moonlight. I inhaled her enticing aroma, then I put out my tongue and licked my way up her furrow. Her flavor instantly flooded my mouth. I was sure I could still taste the sting of the salty sea. She sighed extravagantly, a sound which translated easily across every language. I delved deeper, probing her, but again wanted contact with her lively little clit.

The sweet nub awaited me. I lavished it with my tongue tip, gently batting and softly stroking it. Marta's legs flexed against my shoulders. I felt the muscles in her thighs tightening as her ass bunched beneath her.

She took hold of a handful of my hair and mashed her pussy harder against my mouth as her hips danced. I feasted on her, and as I did, my cock stirred again. It was a record recovery for me. Then again, I didn't often fulfill a fantasy on a tropical beach.

Her fingers tightened in my hair as her whole body went taut. I felt her climax shudder through her, and I tasted her juices as they flooded my eager mouth. As she'd done with my cream, I happily swallowed her flowing honey.

When I sat up, my cock was fully hard once more and lust danced over my flesh. The beach was still empty around us, but if we'd gathered a crowd, I probably still would have wanted to screw her.

Amazing. I'd traveled half a world away and found a true connection, so far from home. But I didn't need to remind myself that home was like the frozen tundra. The heat of this place was in my blood. With my face dripping with Marta's juice, I climbed onto her where she still lay back on the sand.

She was ready for me with eagerness written on her beautiful face. She pulled me onto her. I slotted my cock into her cunt and felt the luscious grip of her internal muscles. I rocked on top of her, and she flung her legs around my waist. She was so nimble, so perfectly toned. I felt her excitement humming just beneath her skin. Her eyes glittered, and her mouth was open.

I stroked into her, plunging deep and savoring each movement. We were in sync as only two mutually attracted humans could be. The ultimate pleasure rose within me once more, the crisis taking its time as it built slowly.

Marta squirmed and writhed as she whispered soft words in one language, then another. Overhead, the stars whirled. They began to blaze, their fire erupting over us and the illumination between us breaking free in the world at last. We couldn't contain it.

The night sky burned, the ocean thundered, and our voices joined the cacophony. She was crying out, her body wriggling crazily. Those final orgasmic throes seized me suddenly. I didn't try to resist. I gave in and shot jet after jet of spunk into her as rapture flared within me.

Afterward, we clung to one another. The sky became the sky again, and the sea quieted. But we had shaken the earth, and we both knew it.

**—K. Curtz**

*The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.*

APPROVED

# PENTHOUSE FORUM

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER MAKES THESE HORNY FOLKS SOME LUCKY FUCKS

## REKINDLED

WHILE attending a work conference, I unexpectedly bumped into an old flame. It had been years since we'd last spoken. But as we chatted, it seemed just like old times.

Eric and I agreed to get drinks at the hotel bar later that night, and I'm not ashamed to admit that I counted down every minute until we would meet again. I even ducked out of my last panel a bit early, so I could freshen up first. I was eager to look my best. I had a premonition about where the night might lead—and I was right.

When I arrived at the bar, Eric was already there. Initially, his back was to me, giving me an opportunity to admire him before he was aware of my presence.

The sleeves of his striped button-down shirt were rolled up to his elbows, exposing his muscular forearms. His thick, capable fingers were curved around a cut crystal tumbler holding dark liquid over ice—bourbon, if memory served.

I let myself briefly fantasize about how Eric might taste if I kissed him right then and there. The fiery essence of the bourbon would linger on his lips and tongue, transferring the taste to my mouth. His corded arms would circle my waist, pulling me close enough to feel his rapidly hardening cock.

"Ava!" Eric shouted happily as soon as he caught sight of me. He waved me over to join him at the bar. "I'm so glad you came."

He wound his arm around my shoulder and drew me in to kiss my cheek.

I breathed deeply, taking in the scent of his familiar citrus and sandalwood cologne.

We settled on stools next to one another, and Eric waved for the bartender to get me a beverage.

"One vodka tonic, please. No lime," he told the booze-slinger.

"You remember my drink!" I exclaimed. That surprised me.

"I remember a lot of things," he said with a sly wink. He leaned in closer to add, "Things that aren't appropriate to discuss in public. But I could show you later."

The bartender quietly placed a highball glass in front of me. I took a sip from the cold cocktail, keeping my eyes firmly trained on Eric's. Taking my time to respond, I placed the glass back down on the bar and trailed my finger over its rim.

> **"I swallowed him, not stopping until the tip of his shaft tapped the back of my throat."**

"Name the time and place," I said. "I'll be there."

He slid a small envelope toward me that contained a keycard for his room.

"Finish your drink, and meet me upstairs," he told me.

Eric tossed back the last of his bourbon. The first few buttons of his shirt were open, giving me a glimpse of his chest. I remembered dipping my tongue into the hollow at the base of his neck and found myself longing to do it again. He used to love when I would nibble along his collarbone. I found myself wondering if he would still grunt and gasp the same way in response to my teasing teeth.

"Don't leave me waiting," he said with a smoldering glance.

And just like that, I found myself alone at the bar, one room key richer.

I forced myself to finish my drink at a fairly respectable pace. Although I wanted to slam it back, I also didn't want to appear too eager. After several minutes had passed, I left a tip at the bar and headed upstairs.

By the time I reached the door of Eric's room, my pussy and thighs were already slick with moisture.

Fortunately, I wasn't the only one who'd grown impatient. The second the lock released, Eric ripped open the door, reached into the hall and pulled me inside.

"What took you so long?" he asked, sounding a little breathless.

I tossed the keycard and my purse on a nearby table, but I had no time to answer him. Eric's mouth was already moving over my neck. As we clumsily inched toward the bed, he flicked open the buttons on my shirt one by one, gradually revealing my sheer bra.

He kissed a meandering path down the valley between my breasts. When he reached its center, and we arrived at the bed's side, he lingered for a moment, rocking his head from side to side.

"I've missed this," he said.

His breath warmed my skin, and my whole body sang. It was as if no time had passed at all.

"I've missed you," I replied. "Let me show you how much."

Grabbing hold of his starched shirt, I flopped onto the bed and pulled him down with me. Rolling on top of him, I found myself exactly at eye level with the little hollow I'd earlier longed to lick. Of course, I indulged myself. Then I moved down lower, releasing one button after another to reveal his muscular torso.

A trail of hair rose up from Eric's waistband. I brushed my fingers down it before opening up his belt and slacks.

Eric's erection strained against his briefs. His cock pitched the material like a tent. That was enough of an invitation for me. I slipped my fingers inside the Y-front fly and grabbed his rigid rod. I stroked his shaft from top to bottom, longing to once again feel his silken skin against my tongue.

For the first time in a long time, Eric and I were together again. I could run my tongue over every inch of his body, and I knew just where I wanted to start.

I tugged down Eric's briefs and released his erection. It stood tall and hard, as if beckoning me to taste him. I wrapped my fingers around the sturdy base and directed the domed head to my lips. A small bead of pre-come sat perched at the tip, sparkling like morning dew. I flicked away the droplet with the tip of my tongue and hummed approvingly.

I savored Eric's unique flavor—an explosion of sweet, salty and sour notes burst across my tongue—and his taste was exactly as I remembered. I lapped a path up the underside of his dick, knowing that would likely cause him to release even more delicious nectar.

Eric trembled, breathing erratically as I teased him with my tongue. Even after so many years apart, I still knew exactly how to rev his engine, and that felt good.

I caressed his dick, trailing my fingernails over the sensitive skin of his rod as I journeyed from the top to the bottom and back again.

He uttered my name through gritted teeth.

If he liked simple brushes of my fingers, nails and tongue, surely he'd love it even more when I deep-throated his dick—just like he did in the good old days.

I opened my mouth and enveloped Eric's dick. Inch by inch, I swallowed him, not stopping until the tip of his shaft tapped the back of my throat and he groaned and gasped my name.

Fuck, I loved hearing him lose control like that. When he uttered my name, his voice dripped with reverence and naked desire. I vowed to make my name fall from his lips many more times that evening.

I cradled Eric's balls in my palm and brushed my thumb over his sac, making him tremble anew and pound his fist against the bed.

However, I was just getting started.

I slid his dick from my mouth, releasing it from my lips with a loud pop. But before Eric could say a word, my tongue was circling the crown of his cock. I caught his eye and held his gaze while I licked all around the flared head of his shaft. I sealed my lips around his tip and sucked till my cheeks went hollow, then I moved down lower.

Eric moaned and raked his fingers through my hair. He grabbed hold of my tresses to keep my head steady as he rolled his hips and fucked my mouth.

**"We knocked out one orgasm after another, not stopping until we were both satisfied."**

"That's it, Ava. Take it all," he groaned.

His cock moved in and out of my mouth, gently grazing my teeth with every pass. Eric had gasped when they'd first scraped against his skin. His grip on my hair tightened as he tilted my head back, just a bit, allowing his dick to slip even deeper down my throat. Tugging on my head, he guided my movements as he pistoned his cock into my maw.

"Fuck! Fuck!" he cried out. He drew out the last "fuck," making the famously short word sound multisyllabic.

The movements of his hips grew choppy, a sure sign Eric was close to erupting. Every time he drove his dick back inside my mouth, he let out a guttural grunt. When his fingers flexed against my scalp, I knew his cream would soon be coating my tongue. I caressed his balls again, milking them and enticing them to blow their load down my throat.

When he shouted my name yet again, the booming sound of his voice seemed to echo in the tiny hotel room. The other guests could probably hear him down in the lobby, and the thought of that delighted me to no end.

After another booming groan, Eric's come jetted from his cock. It filled my mouth and dripped down the back of my throat. I drank up all I could, but a few drops escaped my lips and ran down my chin in sticky rivulets.

When Eric was finished shooting his load, he used his hold on my hair to slowly ease his dick from my mouth. But as soon as he was free, he said, "There's plenty more where that came from."

He flipped me around so I was lying on my back on the mattress. He tugged at my skirt a bit before deciding it would be easier to flip it up over my hips. With that out of the way, he tore a hole in my pantyhose, creating a great big slit right over my bare pussy.

"Much better," he said.

He plunged his still stiff dick deep into my exposed cunt, and I moaned loudly. I'd forgotten how quickly he could hop back in the saddle. But once he'd successfully jogged my memory, I settled in for a good fuck session and locked my ankles at the small of his back.

"Fuck me!" I cried.

Of course, Eric didn't disappoint. He plowed into my pussy repeatedly, fucking me with such force that the bedframe rattled. We knocked out one orgasm after another, not stopping until we were both satisfied. We then drifted off to sleep in a sweaty, tangled heap, and we woke the next morning to do it all over again.

**—A.D., Los Angeles, Calif.**

*The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen at any time. When it does, jump on it! And after you've taken the leap, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.*

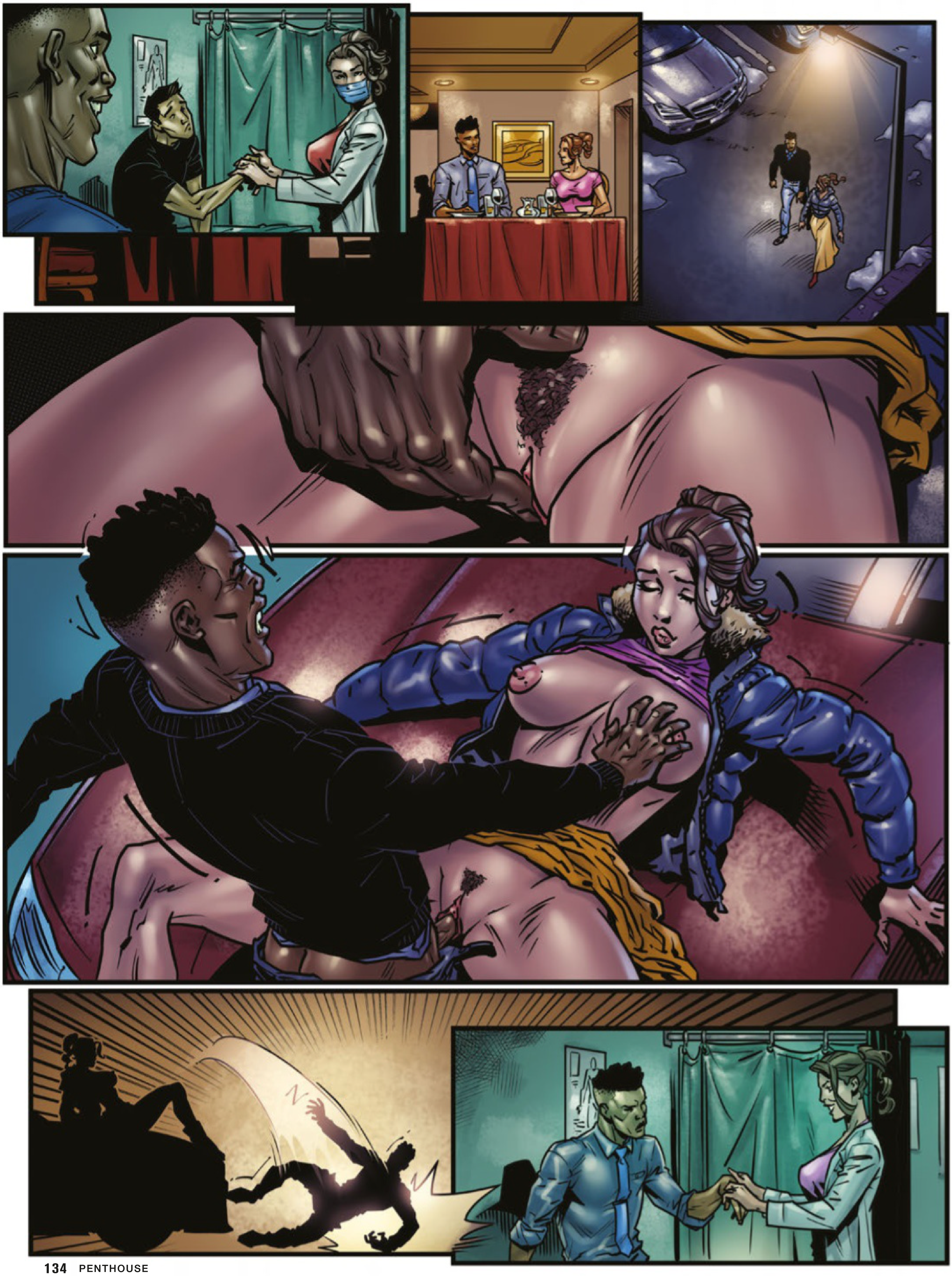

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

# PENTHOUSE FORUM

REJECT

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

### SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY

WE'VE all been urged to show some love to health care workers. Well, as soon as I saw a hot doctor in the emergency room at a local hospital, I was ready to do my part!

I'd driven one of my buddies there after he'd hurt himself. He'd tried to slice a lime after a few too many tequila shots and wound up giving himself a nasty cut. I knew he'd be fine with some stiches, but given that wasn't part of my skill set—and I was the only sober person he knew at that hour—I hauled his sorry ass to the hospital.

As a pretty blonde doctor tended to my soused pal's hand, I wasted no time chatting her up. My friend was already sleeping off his bender and oblivious to my flirty banter with Ariana. Even though she was wearing scrubs, I could tell she had a killer bod. She laughed at my jokes, and despite her mouth being covered by a surgical mask, I could still see her smile in her beautiful blue eyes.

Not wanting to blow my shot, I asked her out then and there. Later that week, I took her to a romantic dinner at my favorite first date spot.

Afterward, I escorted Ariana back to her place. I was ready to kiss her good night and politely take my leave. But at the front entrance to the building where she lived, Ariana quickly turned my sweet peck into a tongue-tangling, cock-stiffening lip-lock. Then she whispered in my ear, "You know, I've always wanted to fuck outdoors. You game?"

Her saying the word "fuck" made my dick positively ache, so how could I not be game?

Sure, it was kinda cold and there was ice and snow on the ground. But suddenly I was burning up inside.

Ariana looked left and right, scouting out the situation. But it was late, and there was no one around.

"The parking lot," she said. "Most of the lights are out back there."

The two of us snuck behind the building. She was wearing a puffer jacket, an ankle-length skirt and sheepskin boots, which were perfect for the weather. I wasn't quite so bundled up and had loafers on my feet, so I had to tread more carefully as I navigated the icy asphalt.

Right away, I saw what she meant about the lights. Only two lampposts seemed to be fully operational, and the majority of the lot was bathed in darkness. My wicked date hauled me into a shadowy corner, leaned against a car and pulled me in for another kiss.

I took my hands from my jacket's toasty pockets and worked up her skirt. She wasn't wearing panties, and I groaned when my fingers made contact with her hot, wet cunt.

I stroked her slit, feeling her pussy grow progressively wetter, and brought my slippery fingertips to her clit. The little button was already swollen and eager, and she moaned softly when I caressed it.

Ariana hopped up on the vehicle's hood, making sure her skirt was bunched beneath her butt to protect her rear from the freezing metal.

"Don't worry. This is my car," she whispered. "C'mon, let's do it."

Even in the darkness, Ariana's eyes seemed to glitter with mischief. Her cunt was at the perfect level for me to ram my cock home. I unzipped my fly and hauled out my meat. I'd feared the chilly air might cause my erection to wilt and didn't want to risk that embarrassment, so I quickly plunged my dick into her syrupy snatch. Fully sheathed in her perfect pussy, I felt drunk with lust and began thrusting in and out of her aggressively. She braced her gloved hands on the hood behind her and pumped her hips toward me, urging me to hit bottom with every stroke.

"Don't stop! Give it to me!" she demanded, wildly writhing and bucking her body.

I did my best to satisfy her, clutching her hips and hammering her hard. But amid our frantic fuck session, I lost my footing on the icy ground. My body reared back, causing my cock to slip from her juicy box. My arms windmilled like a clumsy cartoon character as I tried to regain my balance, but I had no such luck. I fell, landing painfully on my arm.

Ariana swore out loud and rushed to my side, immediately checking me for injuries.

"I think your wrist is broken," she said.

She was right, and that's how I wound up back in the same ER where we'd first met. But at least I have my very own doctor now, who's more than willing to make house calls—in my bedroom.

—Name and address withheld

FLASHBACK

# NINTH BIRTHDAY ISSUE

**VOLUME 9, ISSUE 1, 1974**
*MARIE EKORRE*

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